

Anonymous

THE
LAMA SABACHTHANY:

O R
C R Y
O F T H E
S O N O F G O D.

Set forth in all his AGONIES, with a Crown of Thorns upon his Head, and his Crucifixion between Two Thieves; usefull at all Times (especially PASSION WEEK) for a devout and pious Soul, in its nearest Addresses to its SAVIOUR, before and after it comes to be an actual Partaker of the Body and Blood of its Redeemer in the blessed SACRAMENT.

Together with
The Death of PILATE; some serious Reflections and Animadversions concerning the Body, Soul, and Resurrection; With pertinent Meditations and Contemplations upon DEATH, and a suitable Prayer against the suddenness of it.

With several Select HYMNS, upon the Crucifixion of our SAVIOUR.

To which is Added, the Duty incumbent on all Christians, (*Viz.*) to live well after receiving the holy Sacrament; as they then make fresh Promises, of new and better Obedience, not to forget, but make good the same, by Living Suitably.

WOLVERHAMPTON,

Printed by *Mary Wilson.* 1755.

THE
LAMB, LAMB, LAMB

OR
C R Y
OF THE
S O N O F G O D

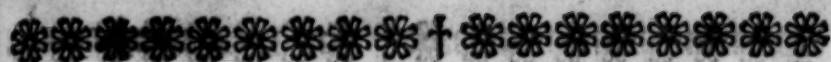
is found in all the AGONIES, with a Crown of
Thorns upon his Head, and his precious blood
Two Thunders, shall in the Times (especially
PASSION WEEK) be a labour and
Soil, is to be a choice to be a SAVIOUR
before and after it comes to be an actual labour
the body and blood of his Redeemer in the
red SACRAMENT



The Parish of ST. JOHN'S, BAPTIST CHURCH
and Awaiting the Lord's Supper, and
Restoration, with the assistance of the
remembrance of the Lord's Supper, and a faithful
reading, the Lord's Supper, and a faithful
With several other Hymns, and the Catechism
of our SAVIOUR

To which is added, the Lord's Supper, and
Christians (to the well after receiving the holy
Sacrament, at the Lord's Supper, and the
and better Objections, and to forget the same, and
same by taking the same

WOMAN'S WORK
Printed by Mrs. W. W. W.



The Love of a Dying SAVIOUR.

WHAT makes this doleful Sound El'i,
El'i Lamafabachthany?

What makes the Temple tott'ring shake?

What is it makes the Earth to quake?

Jesus.] 'Tis I, poor Soul, that's lifted up,
To drink my Father's bitter Cup:

'Tis I must die the Death o'th' Slave,
From Death and Hell thy Soul to save;

Look, see how I am crucify'd!

Behold I'm pierced thro' the Side!

My tender Head with Thorns is crown'd,
And with the Jews compass'd round.

Whilst dry'd with Griefs my tender Throat,
And Soldiers for my seamless Coat,

Cast Lots — Father thy Will be done
Forlak'st thou, why, thine only Son?

See Sinners see my Hands are nail'd
My trickling Side, and Legs exhal'd,
From Nature's Length! Canst thou believe?
Do, and thou shalt Mercy receive

Soul] Ah, Lord my trembling Soul relents,
And with each Faculty repents:

Lord, I believe, my Unbelief

Help thou, and with the blessed Thief;

Afford me Mercy, Lord, that I,

May dwell with thee eternally.

And since 'tis so, to thee I'll bring,

Whole Hecatombs of praise Off'ring.



To His Most Sacred M A J E S T Y,

G E O R G E,

By the Grace of G O D, King of
Great Britain, Defender of the
Faith, &c.

Great S I R,

I T hath been the Custom of many Ages
past, to dedicate Things of the greatest
Moment, to Persons of the greatest Quality
and Renown, as St. *Luke* did his whole
G O S P E L to the most Excellent T H E -
O P H I L U S, and St. J O H N one of
his Epistles to the E L E C T L A D Y.

So, Great S I R. this small Book, treating
of such eminent Things as the *Cry of the Son
of G O D*, I hope may have the Honour and
Liberty to be presented to Your Most Sacred
Self, as the greatest of *Kings*, and best of
Christians.

And considering the *Cry of the Son of God*
has been in the last Reign presented to your
Majesty's

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Y, Majesty's Predecessor, whom God has taken
to Himself; and that now having several Ad-
ditions to it, not unsuitable for a Prince, as
well as the perusal of others; which standing
now in the most eminent Need of a Royal
Patronage, it is most humbly submitted to
of your Majesty, with earnest wishes that it
may be admitted into your Royal Closet,
where at the blessed Minutes of Your most
Religious Retirements, it may have a Share
amongst the rest of Your heavenly Compani-
ons, there to catch Your Majesty's most pe-
netrating Eye, kiss Your Royal Hand, and
affect Your sincere and pious Soul, with that
Energy of Thought; Elevation of Religion,
and Extacy in Devotion, that may not only,
as it were, even withdraw the Soul from all
Commerce with the Senses, but in a Manner,
separate it from the Body, and with the
Apostle *PAUL*, have Antipasts of Heaven,
and Fruition of celestial Enjoyments.

Much of Homage and Gratitude are we all
to render Your Royal Majesty, now You are
so happily fix'd at the *Zenith* of Sovereignty;
under whose auspicious Government, the
Hopes and Designs of all the Enemies to
the *Protestant* Religion, have hitherto been
frustrated

The Epistle Dedicatory.

frustrated, and your Majesty's Subjects in general, made a happy People.

The surprising *Miracles* Sir, which God has wrought for this Nation, in establishing Your Majesty upon the *British* Throne, are plain Indications of that great Interest you have made in the Bosom of the *King of Kings*; and represent to us a vast Scene of approaching Blessings, to be handed down to us, and all the Christian World, by the many Illustrious Virtues shining in Your Majesty, whom God of his infinite Mercy preserve, to the Terror of Tyranny and Oppression.

This is the only Case that emboldens me to present to Your Majesty the following *Meditations* and *Contemplations* of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, Intitl'd, *The Lama Sabachthani*, or *Cry of Jesus the Son of God*; wherein I have endeavour'd as sufficiently and pertinaciously as I could, to set forth every Action and Transaction of the Chief-Priests, Scribes, Elders, and their rude Soldiers, towards the accomplishing their wicked Design, in perfecting the so much hunger'd for Crucifixion of our Lord and Saviour.

How he was hurried and carried from one Place, Court, and Council, to another, spit on, and

The Epistle Dedicatory.

and buffeted in another, scourged and crowned with Thorns in another, mock'd and derided by all, but acquitted and discharged by none, and yet not found guilty of Death in any.

I have followed the *Evangelists* as close as I could, and have rank'd them as well as I am able, in so small a Bulk, and made the rough Draught as like the Original as possible I could, in the most suitable *Expressions*. So that I earnestly beg of God it may please all, and displease none, being all divine Truths.

I most humbly present to Your Majesty, desiring that it may receive a candid and free Reception with you. It will lie in a little Room in Your Majesty's Closet, and at the Table of the Lord, being more fitted for the Heart of a devout and Pious Soul, than voluminous; so that it may be as the Viand of the Soul in its nearest Addresses to its Saviour, before and after it comes to be an actual Partaker of the Body and Blood of its Redeemer, whom I have endeavoured to delineate as well as I am able, in so small a Tract, in the utmost *Extremity* of his Crucifixion, in his Agony. and bloody Sweat, in his Cross and Passion, in his Death and Burial, and there left his most precious Body in the Grave,

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Grave, with holy Angels to attend his Call.

Thus *Great SIR*, have you in View
Tragedy of the deepest Dye, even of Your
Sovereign Lord and Saviour, the *King of*
Kings, and *Lord of Lords*, a *Tragedy* so full
of the Love of *GOD*, and the highest In-
gratitude of sinful Dust and Ashes, that
true Sense of it cannot but dissolve the Whole
of Man in a *Sea of Contrition* that he may
evermore bewail that Original Trespas which
was the melancholy Cause of it.

I may hereafter presume to write of his
glorious Resurrection also, if I can find my
weak Endeavours are in any Degrees useful
according to the pious and honest Intention of

SIR,
Your Majesty's most Obedient
and for ever most Devoted
Humble Servant,

Anonimus.

T H E

Lama S A B A C H T H A N Y :

O R,

C R Y O F T H E S O N O F G O D.

HE A R, *O Heavens and give Ear,*
O Earth, for the Lord hath spoken it,
Oh, what is this, I hear? The Voice
of the Son of God, in the grievous Agony
of his Soul, just breathing out his last, and
crying to his God, nay his Father, to com-
fort and sustain him. Either, O holy Fa-
ther, take from me this bitter Cup, of Vin-
egar and Gall of thy high Displeasure; or
else forsake me not in the Time of my drink-
ing this bitter Potion

Where is the Cry of the Son of God, the
Saviour of the World? O where shall I run,
where shall I fly to find my Saviour; Whom
shall I enquire of? Where shall I go? Whom
shall I find, to direct my perplexed Soul? it's
dark, Stormy, and Tempestuous; but if it

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were

2 *The Cry of* J E S U S

were never so dark and dismal, I will go ; I can no longer refrain : Yet, my Flesh, thou art warm, and safe in Bed, why then is thy Rest disturbed ? Peace, lie still, and slumber a little.

Oh, I cannot rest : I sleep but yet my Heart waketh. Hark ! Hark again ! *It is the Voice of my Beloved that cryeth out ; and he knocketh as he passeth by, to see whether I will open and let him in. I hear him speak. Open to me, my Sis-*

Christ passeth by *ter, my Love, my Dove,*
to the Garden of *my undefiled, for my Head*
Getsemane. *is fill'd with Dew, and my*

Locks with the Drops of the
Night. Lord what is the matter ? What makes thee be abroad now ? What's the matter ? I am sure 'tis something more than ordinary, therefore I will arise, and let him in. *But thou hast put off thy Coats, how canst thou put them on in the Dark ? Moreover, thou hast washed thy Feet, why shouldst thou defile them again ?* Oh, I stand not upon these Curiosities of my sinful Flesh, that must e'er long crumble into Dust. *My Beloved hath put in his Hand by the Hole of the Door, and and my Bowels were troubled for him. I cannot rest, I must arise.*

I have open'd the Door to my Beloved but he is withdrawn, and gone : My Soul even faileth within me. I heard a confused Noise at a Distance. I call'd after the Noise, but he gave me no Answer ; and I have sought for him about the Door, but cannot find him.

Well, I will after him ; I stand not upon the Exactness of Dress, nor Danger of the Night, I will along the Street, and as near as I can, follow him.

A truly gracious Soul, touch'd once with the Love of God, will follow him at his Call, and no Hazard nor Difficulty can obstruct or hinder it's eager pursuit after its dear Jesus, the good *Shepherd of its Soul*. *My Sheep hear my Voice, and they follow me*, Joh: 10. 3, 4.

Pardon me if I here make a little Digression, and anticipate the Words of our Saviour to *Peter*. Happy art thou, O *Peter*, that the Saviour of Souls should esteem thee worthy of being his deputy Shepherd, and commit his Flock to thy vigilant Care, before he left the World : They were near and dear to him, and the purchased of his Soul. *He carryeth his Lambs* (his tender Lambs) *in his Arms, and gently leadeth them that are with young*. Therefore *Peter*, you very well know the Value I have for them, and the Belief I have

in

4 The Cry of J E S U S

in you; take Care, I say, to feed my *little* Flock, beside (or near) the *Shepherds Tents*. *Peter*, be not angry that I ask you again, and again, *Do you love me? Do you love me? Yea Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Then feed my She ep, feed my Lambs; and see that none of them be lost; I know all their Names, and bear them on my Heart, as the High-Priest did the Tribes in his Breast; and I carry them all to Heaven with me, whither I shall speedily go, after I have eaten with you. Where I am there ye shall be also.*

And it came to pass, when Jesus had finished all these Sayings, he said unto his Disciples, Ye know that after two Days is the Feast of the Passover, and the Son of Man is betrayed to be crucified. Then assembled together the Chief-Priests, and the Scribes, & the Elders of the People, unto the Palace of the High-Priest, who was called Caiaphas, and consulted that they might take Jesus by Subtility, and kill him; but not on the Feast Day, lest there be an Uproar among the People. Mat: xxxvi. 1, 2. For Annas the High-Priest had at that Time agreed with Judas to betray his Master, and had given him Thirty Pieces of Silver out of the Treasury; and Judas craftily concluded with them,

them, that it should be in the Night for better security, and to prevent Disturbance.

Now the first Day of the Feast of unleavened Bread, the Disciples came to Jesus, saying unto him, where wilt thou, that we prepare for thee to eat the Passover? And he said, Go into the City to such a Man, and say unto him, the Master saith, my Time is at Hand, I will keep the Passover at thy House with my Disciples. And they did as Jesus had appointed them, and they made ready the Passover. Now when the Evening was come, he sat down with the Twelve, and as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one to say, Lord is it I? And he answered and said, he that dippeth his Hand with me in the Dish, the same shall betray me, The Son of Man goeth as it is written of him, but woe unto that Man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed, it had been good for that Man he had not been born.

Judas being near unto our Lord, and hearing this sharp Precaution, sensible that his Master had Fore knowledge of his Design, seem'd before the rest of the Disciples, to be as innocent of the Thing as any of them that were

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were so exceedingly troubled, therefore asked his Master *Is it I?* Not thinking that Jesus would down-right charge him with it. But when he heard his Master say, *Thou hast said*, he could not but startle at it, though Lucre of the Money he had receiv'd, he had no Power to go back.

And as they were eating Jesus took Bread and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to his Disciples, and said, Take eat, this is my Body, which is broken for you this do in Remembrance of me. And he took the Cup and gave Thanks, and gave it to them saying drink ye all of it; for this is my Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many, for the Remission of Sins. But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of the Fruit of the Vine, untill I drink it new with you in my Father's Kingdom. And when they had sung an Hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives. Then saith Jesus unto them, all ye shall be offended because of me this Night; for it is written, I will smite the Shepherd, and the Sheep of the Flock shall be scattered abroad. But Peter said unto him, Altho' all shall be offended, yet will not I. Jesus saith unto him, Before the Cock crow twice, thou shalt deny me thrice. Peter saith

saith unto him, I will be with thee, my Lord, both in Life and Death. And as Ittai said to D A V I D, As the Lord liveth, and as the Lord my King liveth, surely in what Place the Lord my King be, whether in Death or Life, even there also will thy Servant be 2 Sam. xv. 19.

And as Ruth said to her Mother in Law N A H O M Y, Intrcat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee, for where thou goest I will go; where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God; where thou diest, I will die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and much more also, if or ght bnt Death part thee and me. So dear Master saith Peter, is my Heart knitt unto thee, But saith Jesus, Peter, I know that thou lovest me, and therefore Satan hath a desire to sift thee, and try thee as he did Job, but I have pray'd for thee that thy Faith fail not.

Then Jesus goeth to Gethsemane, for his Hour being now come, and taketh with him only three of his Disciples, Peter, James and John, they being the three appointed by our dear Lord and Master to see the sad Tragedy. Peter, because his chief Disciple, to whom he should commend the care of his Church, which
c'er

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e'er long was to suffer great Persecution. *James* the last of his Disciples, yet the first that was to suffer for the Gospel's Sake, and therefore most fit to see his Master betray'd, that his Saviour's Meekness and Patience in Suffering might be a Pattern and Example to him, who in a little Time must follow. And *John*, the most beloved Disciple of Jesus, of whom *Peter* ask'd his Master, when he saw him lean on his Breast, *What shall this Man do?* Saith Jesus to him, *If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me.* Yea, most holy Jesus, thou that knowest all Things, probably for such like Reason, took these only along with thee, and said unto them, *My Soul is exceeding sorrowful unto Death, tarry you here and watch with me.*

And he went a little farther, and fell with his Face to the Ground, and pray'd, O my Father, if it be possible, let this Cup pass from me, nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.

For, tho' Jesus, as Man, feared the approaching Danger that was coming on him, and just ready to seize him, and therefore was in this great Agony, sweating Drops of Blood; yet, as God, it was mutually agreed upon before, in the great Court of Heaven, between
his

his Father and Himself; That this was the only Way that could be found for the Redemption of fallen Man.

For God so loved the World, that he gave his only begotten Son to Death for it; that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting Life. Therefore as God, and God Man, he was resolved to fulfill his Father's Will. *Father all Things are possible to thee; but if this Cup shall not pass, thy Will be done, O holy Father.*

And he cometh to his Disciples again a second Time, but finding them asleep, saith to Peter, Simon *why sleepest thou?* Could not you watch with me one Hour? You know what I have pray'd for already: *Watch and pray [now] lest you enter into Temptation; the Spirit, indeed Peter, I know is willing, but the Flesh is weak.*

O Holy Jesus, what Sweetness and Love is this of thine, that even at the very Minute thou wast to be betray'd, thou shouldst pittie the Infirmities of thy Servants, that even now thou hast commanded to *watch and pray*, and yet in this very Minute found them sleeping; one would rather have imagin'd, thou shouldst have been extreamly angry with them; but instead of that, thou excuseth

excusest their Fault. This Sweetness and Behaviour of thine, and Compassion of human Infirmities, will draw all Men to thee.

Christ knew at this time, that in a little while he was to suffer for the Sins of the whole World, in what Nature or Kind soever, as to the Aggravation and Heinousness of them; and might he not very well pass by the Infirmities of his beloved Disciples, when he knew that their Sleep proceeded partly from their Trouble and Sorrow? But Jesus leaveth them again, and goes a Third Time, and prayeth more earnestly, and cryeth louder, and sweateth much greater Drops of Blood than before. *Orightheous Father, if it be possible, let this Cup pass from me, but yet, holy Father, thy Will be done.*

Oh, my Soul, where am I? Where, O ye Watchmen, where am I? Where is my Beloved? Where is he gone aside? My Soul melteth away. I hear his Cry, but know not where to find him. I am sure it is his *Voice*, but know not which Way to go. The dark Night hath conceal'd him from my Sight, but not from my Heart. His Cry pierceth my Soul. O good Watchmen, dear Watchmen, where shall I find him whom

my

my Soul loveth and longs for? Hark, hark,
he cries louder and louder. Oh, help, help!
What's the Matter dear Saviour? I cannot
find thee, *I know not whence thou art?* Some-
times thy Voice seems near. and sometimes
far off; sometimes on this Side, and some-
times behind; whether from the Walls and
Vaults of *Jerusalem*, or whether from the
Brook *Cedron*, or from the Trees in the
Garden, or from all these Places together
these uncertain *Sounds* and *Eccho's* come, I
know not, they perplex and confound me.
I cannot find thee, I know not where thou
art; direct me, Lord, the Way, for I know
thou art the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Light*,
but know not how to find thee at such a Di-
stance, this dark and dismal Night. Direct
me, Lord the Way, Speak, dear Lord, and
thy Servant heareth. My Soul is attentive
to thy Call; but I am not able to bear thy
Cry any longer. O quickly, dear Saviour,
tell me where I shall find thee. What no
Directions yet, dear Jesus! O Watchman,
for the Lord's Sake; for my poor Soul's
Sake, tell me, tell me: For why should I be
as one that turneth aside from the Flocks of
thy Companions? Saith the Watchmen, We
cannot any longer endure to hear thee cry
and

and make such Moan; we suppose you may find him in or about the Garden of *Gethsemane*: We believe the Cry cometh that way. We can hear it easily, but it is beyond our Bounds. We must not, dare not go beyond our precinct, especially without the Gates of the City; and more especially when there is so great a Noise and Tumult abroad. We know not how soon there may be an Uproar here, and therefore we must keep our Posts upon Life and Death, let what will come of it; otherwise some of us would go, and light you along — But, That's the Way —

Ah, But are you sure, dear Watchmen, the Cry and Noise comes from thence?

That we are not sure of, but *This we are* that a great Company and Multitude of Soldiers ran apace that Way, and said nothing, but whispered as they went. Some carried with them Swords, others Staves and Halberts, with Candles and Lanthorns in their Hands. We believe it is some great Matter they are gone about, they carried it so privately as they went; but we cannot think it is for *Jesus of Nazareth*, because we saw *Judas*, one of the Lord's Disciples among them,

Hark,

Hark, the Cry is louder indeed. I do not know what to think of it. — But, that's the Way —

Oh my dear Lord, have I found Thee? What in Blood, in the Depth of thy Agony, with violent Sweats and Drops of Blood running down thy Face, and crying to thy own Father too! What's the Matter Lord? Speak quickly to my Soul, or else I sink and die. I cannot longer forbear, having run myself quite out of Breath with thy grievous Cries. Grievous indeed. it must needs be, that maketh the Son of God sweat, cry, and bleed thus!

I am striving and struggling, praying, sweating, and bleeding for thy Salvation. My Father's Wrath and Indignation is so great nothing but my Death can satisfy it. I have with Agony of Soul been interceding with my heavenly Father, offering up strong Prayers and Tears for the Attainment. but all will not do, a Life must be given, and I have offer'd my own, if nothing else will satisfy. *Not my Will, but thy Will be done.* It must be so, and the unalterable Decree of the Almighty must be fulfill'd. And I came willingly (*as in the Volume of the Book it is written of me*)

to

to do thy Will, O God. And behold here they are to whom I am betray'd. Who is it you look for Soldiers, with your Lanthorns and Torches? Who is it you look for? *Jesus of Nazareth*, I am He. What gaze you for? I tell you, I am He.

The Signal was before agreed upon, That whoever *Judas* kiss'd, him they should seize. Therefore the strict Order before given them must punctually be observed, least a Discovery should be made, they seize the wrong, and the King of the *Jews* make his Escape. The Plot being laid thus cunningly and warily before-hand, they must not too rashly or unadvisedly proceed, but stood looking earnestly till the Sign should be given.

Judas, tho' the dark Night conceal me from thy Sight, yet here am I. *The Hour is now come, that the Son of man must be betrayed into the Hands of Sinners.*

Then *Judas* came and cry'd, *Hail Master, and kissed him.* And forthwith they laid Violent Hands on him.

What makes you come thus with Arms *Judas*, as if I were a Thief and a Robber. And they began immediately to spit in his Face and one of the Soldiers smot him on the Cheek, with the Palm of his Hand, and
asked

ked him who smot him? But *Jesus* said to *Judas*, take me, and lead me away, and thy salvation too. *I have a Baptism to be baptized with, and I long till it be accomplish'd?*

But *Peter*, as soon as he saw what inhuman rudeness they offered to his Lord and Master, hastily drew his Sword, and cut off one of the Ears of the High Priest's Servants.

Then *Jesus* rebuked *Peter*, and said, put up thy Sword into the Sheath; he that useth the sword, let him die by it. The Cup that my Father giveth shall I not drink it? Think'st thou not, *Peter*, that if I would resist, I would pray to my Father, and he would presently give me more than twelve Legions of Angels. to rescue me? But how then must the Scriptures be fullfill'd? and it pleased the Lord to bruise him and put him to Grief. When his Soul shall make an Offering for Sin, he shall see his Seed, he shall see the Travail of his Soul and be satisfied: By his Knowledge shall my righteous Servant justify many, for he shall bear their Iniquities, *Isai. xxiii. 10.*

But stay, O *Malcus*, What wilt thou still persist in this Bloody Deed, and wicked proceedings? Wilt thou not hear the Voice of thy God in this Fray? Thou shed'st but a Drop

Drop of Blood from thy Ear, and thy Saviour sweats not only Drops of Blood in his Agony, praying for thy Soul, but his Heart bleeds for thee, and he takes immediate Compassion on thee, in stretching forth his Hand to cure thine Ear. And could not this Miracle work perfectly upon thee, to endeavour thy Physicians Rescue? But wilt thou still go on to drag and haul him before the Judge? Will not the immediate Touch of the Hand of God, cure thy wounded Soul, as readily as thy wounded Body? Will not this Miracle of Christ, and Love of his persuade thee, *That he is Christ, the Son of the living God?* Wilt thou remain ignorant still of thy Saviour and Salvation? How many of the Multitude that followed Christ, would have been bless'd with such a Touch? Yea, tho, it were but the Hem of his Garment. Well if thou wilt still proceed in persecuting him, he will proceed in praying for thee, with the rest of thy Confederates —

Peter, was this the Effect of thy Passion? Just roused from sleep, and begin to fight! When sawest thou such Weapons used in my School? Was ever any thing but prayers and Tears my Defence: Hast thou over-slept and neglected thy God, and now fallest immediately

mediately to Fighting! Couldst not thou and thy Brethren, *have watched and pray'd with thy Saviour for one Hour?* Especially when awak'd and stirr'd up by thy Master; and when he had so lately told you the Time was at Hand, in which he must be betray'd, and by one of thy Brother Disciples. Should'st thou not rather have endeavour'd to have watched the Time of his coming, and have dissuaded him from his intended *Wickedness*; especially when thou hadst seen thy Saviour sorrowfull even unto Death? Was he earnestly praying, and in his Agony sweating drops of Blood on the Ground for thee, and couldst not thou be watching for him, but still sleeping on the Ground with the rest of thy Companions? Or, if you had been so extremely sleepy: could not you have took your Turns one after another? This, *Peter*, is great Neglect to so good a Master. Was he striving and struggling, praying to his heavenly Father for thy Soul, & couldst not thou be watching his Body? But he being upon the Work of Salvation, excuses thy Infirmary from the Consideration of thy frail human Nature that was not able to undergo one single Nights Watch. *I know, Peter, thy Spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.*

D

How

How ready and willing is the Saviour of the World, to accept of any drowsy Inclinations or Endeavours of his Servants in his Service, if their Hearts be but sincere? The Disciples Slumber, yet Christ trims their Lamps. O infinight Love of the Son of God, to excuse and save poor drowsy Sinners? For this Cause was he touch'd with our Infirmities, and took upon him our human Nature. This was the Cause of our Saviour's interceding for us with his Father for our Lives. O infinite Love of the Son of God: *That whilst we were yet Sinners Christ died for us!*

Now let us follow him to the Judgement Hall, and not like *Peter*, stand at a Distance from him, and at last deny him; but rather be a sharer with him in his Death, and pray with the Thief upon the Cross for Eternal Life.

They carry him first before *Annas* the High-Priest, *Caiaphas's* Uncle, to see what he could find against him. This was one of the great Council, that consulted how they might take Jesus and put him to Death. This was he that delivered to *Judas* the thirty Pieces of Silver out of the Treasury, after they had all agreed upon it. But when

he

he was brought before him, and he saw the Witnesses could not agree together upon their Examination, that they might have a longer time to lay their Heads together, and more readily agree in their Accusation, he sends them to *Caiaphas*, they being both High-Priests that Year.

When he was come before *Caiaphas*, he Examined him, and finding they could not agree in their Accusations, rather than he should lack full Witness against him, and for that Reason let him go, he (with the rest of them that were Assembled together for that Purpose) consulted to bear false Witness against him ; but as yet could not make their Evidence agree.

Now the great Assembly being all met; as I said before, to this very End and Purpose, they thus farther consulted against him. He hath of late (say they) raised *Lazarus* out of the Grave, after he had been four Days dead, and began to stink ; and many *Jews* believed on him already, for the many Miracles he daily does among us ; and more especially for this Miracle that he wrought even now, of raising *Lazarus* from the Dead, and it is not a bare Report to make a Noise for a Time, but
Matter

Matter of Fact, and a great Truth and Miracle; for some of us heard him say at the Grave's Mouth, *L A Z A R U S, come forth!* And immediately as soon as this Man had called thus to him, he came forth, bound Hands and Feet, with Grave-Cloaths about him, and a Napkin upon his Head. And *this* Man (Jesus) commanded some who stood by to loose him, and let him go: And many of the *Jews* that were there, believed on him, and went away with *Mary* and *Jesus*: But we came to acquaint you with what we have booth seen and heard.

Then the Chief-Priests and Elders, with the Scribes and Pharisees, further consulted and said, what do we? For this Man doth many Miracles, and if we let him thus alone all Men will believe on him, and the Romans will come and take our Place and Nation. Caiaphas said unto them, Ye know nothing at all nor consider, that it is expedient for us, that one Man should die for the People, and that the Nation perish not. And this he spake not of himself, but God order'd it so, that the Prophecy should come out of his own Mouth: And this being recorded as his Opinion, doth still remain, that out of his own Mouth he should be condemned at last. And

so from that Day forward they took Counsel together to put him to Death.

And when they saw that all their Machinations and Contrivances prevail'd nothing to the Purpose, at last they hired two Soldiers to come and swear against him in the High-Priest's Hall; where. with a loud, railing Noise, they cry'd, *This Fellow said, I am able to destroy the Temple of God, and to raise it again in three Days.* And so he were, this being all Truth, but he spake of his Body, as the Apostle *Paul* saith, *Our Bodies are the Temples of the Holy Ghost*; That in Three Days Time, he would raise it from the Grave. But these two Fellows, nor his Judges. had not as yet known the Scriptures, nor the Power of God — *Then said the High-Priest, Is it true what these witness against thee?* But Jesus held his Peace. Then said the High-Priest, *I adjure thee by the living God, to tell us, whether thou art Christ the Son of the living God.* And Jesus when it was thus put home to him, in these three great Truths, *Art thou CHRIST, the SON of the living GOD?* Answered, *I A M.* Then the High-Priest rent his Cloaths, and said, *What need any farther Witness against him? Ye have all heard now, how he hath blasphemed;*
What

What think ye? And they all with one consenting Voice, condemn'd him to be guilty of Death.

Then they began to spit upon him, and buffet him, and strike him with the Palms of their Hands, and to revile him as a pestilent Fellow, and one that sowed Sedition among them. And they blindfolded him, and smot him on the Face, and said, *Propheſie unto us, thou Chriſt, who was he that ſmot thee.*

At laſt, finding they couldnot agree together, as to putting him to Death (tho' they all conſented in the juſt Merits of his Condemnation) they concluded to ſend him to *Pontius Pilate* their Governor.

But before we come to that, we muſt obſerve the Words of our bleſſed Jeſus verified concerning *Peter*, one of the beloved Diſciples, who followed his Maſter to hear what they ſaid and did with him.

And happy are they, O *Peter*, who have once denied their dear Saviour that bought 'em with Curſing and Swearing, and bitter execrations, to find a Door of Mercy, open, upon their Repentance, to receive and embrace them again.

And now, *Peter*, what do I obſerve here? Thou that was the greateſt Votary to thy Maſter,

Master, and the forwardest to follow him to his dismal Tryal, amongst the most profligate and wicked Wretches that could be picked out among the *Jews, Scribes, and Pharisees*, that were most notoriously qualified with Cursing and Swearing, Reviling, Blasphemy, and Perjury, such that they had call'd out on Purpose, they abounded with all manner of Cruelty and Filthiness. Among these, do I find thee *Peter*.

And had thy Soul, like righteous *Lot's*. been troubled with the Filthiness of the *Sodomites*, as he was daily, thou hadst not have so soon, so falsely, and so frequently deny'd thy Master. From hence we may observe, what Force and Power evil Company hath quickly upon a righteous Person. Good *Joseph* being but a time in *Pharoah's* Court, came presently to that Mode of Honour, as to swear *by the Life of Pharoah*. *Abraham* the Father of the Faithful, and Friend of God, twice deny'd *Sarah* to be his Wife. *The Famine being grievous in the Land*, *Abraham takes his Wife Sarah; and travels into Egypt*. And it came to pass, when he came near to enter into Egypt, that he said unto *Sarah his Wife*, Behold now, I know thou art a fair Woman to look upon, therefore

fore it shall come to pass, that when the Egyptians shall see thee, they shall say, This is his Wife, and they shall kill me, and they shall save thee alive; say, I pray thee, thou art my Sister. Gen: xii.

Again. Abimalech said unto Abraham, What sawest thou in me that thou hast done this thing? And Abraham said, Because I thought, surely because the fear of God is not in this Place, and they will slay me for my Wife's Sake? and yet indeed she's my Sister, the Daughter of my Father, though not of my Mother, and she became my Wife.

And here Abraham, tho' he did deny his Wife at this Time, out of Fear. and did wander from Place to Place, and Country to Country, yet he did not deny his God; neither could Abimelech tax him with that: For God had made a Covenant with Abraham, and the chief Article of this Covenant was, That Sarah should conceive and bear him a Son in his old Age, and should call his Name Isaac. And, said God, I will continue my Covenant to him, so that in thy Seed (by Sarah thy Wife) shall all the Nations of the World be blessed: And it shall be, for Number, as the Stars in the Heaven, and as the Sand of the Sea-shore: Yea, Kings and Prin-

ces shall come out of thy Loins, and I will give thee the Land of Canaan for an everlasting Possession to dwell in; and I will be thy God, and the God of thy Seed for ever.

Neither did *Abraham* deny his Son *Isaac* to God, when he call'd him to a Trial of his Faith. But all these Promises and Covenants consenting together, and terminating in *Sarah's* Womb, made *Abraham* take such Care of her: For it was not in *Ismael*, but in *Isaac* shall thy Seed be call'd. And that *Jesus of Nazareth King of the Jews*, should proceed out of his Loins.

But now, *Peter*, this is no Excuse for thee. For *Abraham*, in saying *she was his Sister*, did not deny her to be his wife. Moreover, in all Ages, and all Times, especially in Time and Places of Plagues, Famine, or Sword, it has been allowed to some to fly, and either to equivocate, or excuse the Question, when proposed by implacable Enemies. Our Saviour himself, before his Disciples were fully prepared for Persecution, and found, in themselves they were not able to stand the fiery Tryals they might be put upon, whereby his Name and Cause might suffer, caution'd them, if they were persecuted in one City, for his Name and the Gospel's Sake, to fly in-

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to

to another. But this was no denying; and the Church hath always allow'd it in two Cases, especially to fly and avoid Persecution, The one, if the Church were in its Infancy, and not of full Age and Strength, then it might be lawful for the Ministers or Disciples of Christ to fly all Persecution, to the Intent the Gospel might be preserv'd, lest smiting the Shepherd, the Sheep should be scatter'd thereby. For this Reason fled *Gregory* Bishop of *Neo-Cæsaria* when he saw the *Decian* Persecution grow very hot. The other: In Case also, they find themselves not yet strong, or couragious enough for Persecution, and so God's Glory, the Name of our great Master, and the Honour of the Church of Christ, might come to be dishonour'd.

As to the first, *St. Paul*, to avoid Persecution, was let down a Wall in a Basket, when the Governor of *Damascus* sought his Life. And thus we find the Apostles themselves evaded the Storm, because they were the Instruments immediately deputed by our Saviour, to propagate and convey the Gospel to the World. And thus did the primitive *Saints and Martyrs*, who wandered about in *Desarts and Mountains*, and in
Dens

Dens and Caves of the Earth; and so have equally avoided Rashness and Cowardice.

The second gain'd only a little Respite for the present, that they might suffer with the greater Advantage afterwards. Thus did *Joseph and Mary*, commanded of God by an Angel, to fly into *Egypt*, for Fear of *Herod*.

But *Peter*, 'twas quite contrary with you. You had no Call to suffer, nor to go to the High-Priest's Hall, yet thou voluntarily deny'd thy Master, thy Saviour, and Redeemer, who often had told you what you must Expect, and that the time would come, *that he must be betray'd into the Hands of Sinners*, and, but the Night before told you, that you all would be offended because of him; and the time was come, and was now at Hand, that you all would forsake him, and leave him alone, in the time of his Dereliction. And didst not thou thy self say, This is a hard Saying, who can bear it? And that thou wouldst not be offended because of him, and tho' all forsook him, yet wouldst not thou? True thou didst not so much forsake him, as deny him, which was worse.

And indeed, *Peter*, I must follow thee as thou didst thy Master the ever blessed and
eternal

eternal Jesus, the Saviour of the World, to the High-Priest's Hall. And pardon me, if I exactly observe every Behaviour of thine there. It is not out of any Prejudice to thee: *Peter*, for I very well know the Love and Value thy Master hath for thee, but that I may delineate thee to the Life, as full as I am able in this little Enchiridion, as well as set forth what Sorrows, Sufferings and Stripes, Indignities, Reproaches, Revilings, Dereliction, Abnegation, Wounds, Agonies, and unexpressible Torments; what extensive, convulsive, distortive, lingering, and cruciating Death the blessed Jesus underwent, thy Lord and Master, but our Christ, our Messias, and Advocate. not only in Heaven, where he is exalted above all Principalities and Powers, Thrones and Dominions; but while he was here on Earth, the immaculate Lamb, the most beloved Son of God, beloved of the Father from all Eternity, before ever the World was, and Lamb of God, which taketh away the Sin of the World, who suffer'd and endur'd here on Earth for us, bitterly crying out, *Behold and see all ye that pass by if ever were any Sorrow like unto my Sorrow: And Wounds and Torments like mine, which I have received in the House of my Friends!*

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Canst thou receive, suffer, and endure all this for our Sins, and still call us thy Friends? Canst thou, O holy Jesus, still cry, call, suffer, bleed and die for us, and still be our Advocate and compleat Redeemer? O infinite! O unlimited! O unbounded! O inconceivable! O inexpressible! O incomprehensible Love of God to us! *That so loveth the World, that he gave his only begotten Son to Death for us!*

Now, Peter, more particular to thyself. *And as PETER was beneath in the Palace, there cometh one of the Maids of the High-Priest, and when she saw Peter warming himself among the Croud, she looked stedfastly upon him, and said in Derision, thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth, but he denied, saying, I know not neither do I understand what thou sayest.* And he went out into the Porch as fearing they might seize on him; though but the Night before he had said, *tho' all forsake thee, yet will not I.* But still lingers and stays; not that he intended to suffer and die with his Master, as he had promised, but only to see what would become of him: For now was the Time that our Saviour told him, *The Devil will tempt you, Peter; Satan hath a Mind to winnow you*
as

as Wheat, but I have prayed for thee. And well were it for thee *Peter*, that whatever thy Master endured for thee in his sacred Body, yet he had secured thy Soul; *I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.* And as he was standing in the Porch, the Cock crow'd the first time; but as yet, neither the Time, nor Scripture was fulfill'd, nor did *Peter*, take any Notice of it, *Mark. xiv. 58.*

And while he was yet in the Porch, another Maid saw him, and said unto them that were likewise with her, this very fellow (pointing to him) was also with Jesus of Galilee. When he heard what she said, he flatly denyed with an Oath, I know not the Man, Mat: xxvi.

How now, *Peter*? Now I see the Devil is tempting thee indeed. Hast thou so much forgot thy self, and thy Duty to so good a Master? Are all his Lessons and Instructions, Sermons and sayings, forgotten by thee? Are his very last dying Words forgotten? And are thy own Promises and Engagements to thy dying Saviour, forgotten by thee? This is a great Crime indeed *Peter*, for in all Ages it has been accounted most abominable and unworthy, not to fulfil the Requests of our dying Friends and Relations, when we

And promised them so to do ; much more for
 ce, *Peter*, who hadst so dear and tender a
 Lord and Master, that took such Pains with,
 and Care of thee ; whose Words, one would
 have thought, could never have been forgot-
 ten by thee, especially not so soon, and at that
 very Instant when thou wast so near as to
 see how thy heavenly Master was affronted
 and abused, most wrongfully impeach'd and
 most falsely accus'd ; and not to call to Mind
 the Words of thy Master, when thou wast
 so peremptorily charg'd and as slightly denied.
 Well, *Peter*, thou wilt pay for this at last.
 It is well thou hast a Friend in Court.

*Then came one of the Servants of the High-
 Priest, being his Kinsman, and whose Ear
 Peter had cut off ; and charging him home,
 said, Did not I see thee in the Garden with
 him ? And dost not thou very well know, I
 have a just Quarrel with thee ? And this is
 the fit Place for it, for cutting off my Ear, when
 I laid Hands on your Master in the Garden.
 Look here, and see the Mark I shall bear on
 my Ear for thee : And if it were not that
 my Kinsman was so busy with thy Master,
 and I know not how soon I may be call'd,
 and therefore am unwilling to create another
 Disturbance otherwise I would make thee an
 Example*

Example, and make you know you was there. I have not so soon forgot you, nor your Ear-mark neither. So that if you should deny and lie never so much, if there were no more in it, but your Speech, your very Speech is enough to betray thee.

Then began Peter, when he had heard all this, to curse and Swear with all the Execrations imaginable, and positive denials, I never saw before this time the Man, neither do I know him, And immediately the Cock crew, Mat: xxvi. And the Lord turn'd back and look'd stedfastly on Peter, and Peter seeing that, remembred the Words of his Master, how that he had said unto him, Before the Cock crew twice thou shalt deny me thrise. And he went out and wept bitterly Luke. xxii.

I Now, Peter, thou art in the Gaul of bitterness, and the Bond of Iniquity, Now thou knowest not where to hide thy Head, the Arrows of the Almighty piercing the very Soul of thee. Now seeing thou art fallen, let him that standeth, take Heed by thy Example; lest he fall in the same Manner as thou hast done. What deny thy own Master, Peter! Thy dear Saviour and Redeemer! And that with such abominable Oaths, and positive Denials!

Denials! This would make the very dumb Ass open his Mouth, and upbraid thy unparalleled Unkindness. Thou alone, *Peter*, to be the Man to deny thy Lord and Master; who had the most Reason of any of the Disciples, to have own'd him, because present with him, and hearing the Ignominy, and notorious Slanders that they impudently spake against him, thy own Conscience bearing thee Witness.

Oh, how with *Cain* am I branded (*Cries Peter*) with my Infamy! My Sins are greater than I can bear,! Oh, that some Person would even slay me!

What, deny my Master, my Lord and Master, my God, my Saviour, my Redeemer, and most ever blessed Jesus! What, and Three Times, and with cursing and swearing too; that I did not know thee! O sweet Jesus, not Thee! What, not know Thee, O heavenly Jesus, that brought me up from the Beginning, converting me to the *Faith*! That mad'st me one of thy Disciples, and not the least neither! One that thou more remarkably took'st Notice of and Care for, and fore-told me of this very present Hour of Satan's tempting, and pray'd earnestly for me to be delivered from it.

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Oh,

Oh, blessed Jesus, well was it thou didst pray for me, else I had been eternally lost. Ah, how can I but weep most bitterly, for this heinous and never to be forgotten Sin. *O wretched Man that I am, who shall deliver me?* Was not my first Sin great enough in the Garden to sleep when thou wert in thy Agony, and bid me watch, but I must commit a greater now? A Sin none ever did commit, Time and Place. Lord help me to weep, and to weep more abundantly. O Lord, that I could wash away my Sin with my Tears, that are of so deep a Dye.

Oh, blessed Jesus, to make my Laver the stronger, I will back again to the Garden of *Gethsemane*, to bewail my first Sin. That was the Place where I first neglected my God. And there also I will bewail my second too. Surely, that is the fittest Place, O my Lord and Saviour, in his great *Conflict* pray'd and wept, and made strong Supplications to his God, with unutterable Sighs and Groans. There he fell with his Face to the Ground, and humbled himself even unto Death. There is the Place he sweat Drops of Blood in, mixed with his Tears for me. Thither will I run, and prostrate myself on the Ground, on the very same Place. And as I said before,

fore, to make my Laver stronger, to wash my polluted. crimson-dy'd Soul, I'll mix the Blood and Tears of my dear Lord and Saviour, that are upon the Ground, with my own Heart's Blood, and Tears.

O sweet Jesus, I remember now very well, thy last Words and prayers, and with these unparalel'd Ingredients I find here, my poor sinking Soul begins to revive, and my Faith in thee, dear Jesus, springs again afresh, and I see the Door of Mercy open to me, as well as *Mary Magdalen*; to me that have sinned so much, thou hast heard my Prayers, hast seen, and bottled up my Tears, and forgiven much.

But I have prayed for thee, Peter, that thy Faith fail thee not,

Oh, happy was it for thee, *Peter*, when thou wast so desperately wounded, to have thy Physician so near with the *Balm of Gilead*, like the good *Samaritan*, to pouer Oil and Wine into thy Wounds, to supply and cleanse them, and carefully bind them up for healing. If thy Saviour had passed by, and not looked on thee, thy Wounds had putrified, and gangreen'd, and thou hadst been lost forever. If Christ himself had not took Notice of thee, and so healed thy Wounds,
all

all others had passed by thee, both *Scribes and Pharisees, Jews and Gentiles*, some on the right Hand, and some on the left, and no Man had taken Pitty on thee. Happy are they that lie in the Way Christ does walk; yea, even at the Pool of *Bethesda*, for they are surely heard by Christ the Physician of Souls; so that they shall be either sure of his immediate help, or of his Angels that are ministering Spirits sent from him.

Oh, that I might as effectually find the Prayers of my dear Jesus for me *Peter*, in a full Pardon of my Sins, now he's in Heaven, as thou didst find him for thine on Earth. *To open blind Eyes, and take off Scales of Ignorance, with St. Paul. Are not the Waters of Siloam to wash in better than Abana and Parpha, and all the Rivers of Damascus.*

From whence we may observe, That God is pleased at some times, to let the best of his Children and Servants fall into the worst of Sins and Temptations for two Reasons: That none may presume in their own Strength; nor any to despair of God's Mercy.

Thus it was with *David*, who was a Man that none were ever like him, as to be stiled a *Man after God's own Heart, the Prophet of the Lord, and sweet Singer of Israel*, yet falls

falls into these two great Sins, Murder and A-
duity, concerning *Uriah* and *Eatlsheba*.

Nathan sets before him a Parable of the
rich and poor Man dwelling together in one
City. The rich Man had very many Flocks
and Herds, the poor Man had nothing but one
little *Ewe Lamb*, which he brought up and
nourished, and it grew up together with him
and his Children, and did eat of his own
Meat, and brink of his own Cup, and lay in
his own Bosom, and was to him as a *Laigh-*
ter. A Traveller coming to the rich Man's
House, spar'd his own Flocks and Herds,
tho, he had plenty of them, and takes the
poor Man's Lamb, kills it and dresses it for
the Traveller. *Nathan* tells *David* this Sto-
ry. Saith *David*, the Man that hath done
this thing, shall surely die. Saith *Nathan* to
David, thou art the Man. 2 *Sam*: xii. 7.
Saith *David*, I have finned against the Lord
and must die for it my self. No, says *Na-*
than, the Lord hath seen thy Sorrow and
Repentance, and have put away thy Ini-
quity, and forgiven thy Sin, and thou shalt
not die.

The other was the Sin of *Peter*, here in
this Place.

Our dear Lord and Saviour had at his last
Supper

Supper with his Disciples, made his Will and had made *Peter* his chief Exsecutor and committed to him the Care of his Flock and Children, and also gave him and the rest of his beloved Disciples, to know, That that Night he was to be betrayed by one of his own Disciples, and then they'd all forsake him, and he should be left alone, to the Conspirators, by and with that very Disciple that was Eating and Dipping with him in the Dish. Surely says *Peter*, this cannot be true, for tho' all forsake thee, yet will not I. Thou shalt never be left of me, O holy-Jesus. But Christ told him, before that the Cock crow twice thou shalt deny me Thrice. And so it fell out. Jesus is betray'd that Night by *Judas*, relinquish'd forsaken by his Disciples, and deny'd by *Peter*. But after his being betray'd and forsaken, is first carried to the High-Priest's Hall, *Peter* follows at a Distance as I said before, to see what would become of him, tho' not to suffer with him; and there was both Eye and Ear-Witness, how barbarously and inhumanly they deal with his Master, in falsely accusing him, and yet owns him not. But when he was accus'd himself, for being in Company with his Master, just before in the Garden he positively

vely denies it with Cursing and Swearing, that he knew him not; nor before that he ever so much as saw the Man.

But now whist *Malcus* and the Maid-servants were charging him with the Fact, and *Peter* absolutely denying it, that he was one of the Company, and knew not the Man, the Cock crew. His Master presently and eagerly looking back upon *Peter*, he immediately remembered his Words, and went out and wept bitterly. Thus we plainly see, that God does sometimes suffer his dearest Children to fall into the greatest Sins.

From whence we are stedfastly to observe, and faithfully to believe that God foresaw *David* and *Peter's* grievous Sins they would both fall into, and great Sorrow and Repentance that they would have for them, and permitted them to commit them, that they might be examples for us, lest we should wilfully presume, or wofully despair of his Mercy and Forgiveness. For these Sins were not so much their Sins, as they were God's Will they should be Examples unto us, if we sin immediately to fly to God for Succour, before Sin contracts a Callous, and grows cold upon the Soul.

But now, to return to *Caiphas*, his Confederates

Confederates and Council, they being made up of Chief-Priests, Elders, Scribes and Pharisees, they unanimously agree, according to their arbitrary Law, to condemn *Jesus* of *Nazareth*, tho' they had no Power to put him to Death. But after they had used all the Villainy to him they could, as spitting upon him, buffetting him, striking him on the Face with the Palms of their Hands, blind-folding him, and asking who it was that smote him: And with all the reviling Language they were capable of, very early the next Morning they sent him bound to *Pilate*.

But when *Judas* found *Caiaphas* had condemned him, and sent him to *Pilate*, he began to repent of what he had done, and carries back the Thirty Pieces of Silver to the High-Priests: *Annas* and *Caiaphas*.

But more of that in the conclusion of his Wickedness in betraying his Master.

And now as to the Manner and Behaviour of *Judas*, and Report spread abroad.

What, O what News is this I hear? My blessed Lord and Saviour betray'd! *Betray'd by a Kiss!* by one of his own Disciples, at his time of Prayer, and in the Place of his greatest Retirements, in the dark Night, where none could hear or see him, but his
God,

God, his heavenly Father.

O Wonder and Amazement, whilst he was praying for his Disciples! Oh, how happy would my Soul have been, to have heard but a Whisper from thy gracious Mouth, my dear Saviour, to thy God, in Behalf of my poor Soul! Thus it was with thee, at this Time, praying and pleading with thy heavenly Father for the Salvation of Mankind; and more especially for his Disciples to whom he was to commit the Care of his poor distressed Flock: And for thee, *Judas*, was he praying with strong Cries and Tears; and the more earnestly at this Time of thy coming, was he labouring and interceding with his Father, with Sighs, and Groans, in a very great Agony of Soul and Body, even to the extorting and drawing out great Drops of Blood that fell to the Ground! And how couldst thou come thus, *Judas*, with Lights, as if thou wert with the blessed Spouse in the (*Canticles*) sick of Love; as if no Time or Place could detain thee any longer from thy Beloved; or Danger affright thee from the Terrors of the dark and gloomy Night? But find him thou art resolv'd of. Well; no sooner hadst thou found him, but how passionately, one would think, thou runn'st

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to

to him, and hangeſt about his Neck, and kiſſed him, as if it expreſs'd the great Fervency of thy Soul, and full Fruition of thy earneſt Deſires to find out thy moſt endeared Friend; or as if thou haſt come to him with the greateſt Embaſſy or News, that God or Angels could reveal to thee, or employ thee in: Or, as if thou haſt privately overheard the dreadful Conſpiracy of the High-Prieſts, Elders, Governor, Soldiers, and *Herod*, againſt thy Lord and Maſter's precious Life, and that this had been the only Time, in this Dark and diſmal Night, to make his Eſcape; and that thy ſelf with thy Followers and Lights, haſt come ſecretly to conduct him ſafe through By-Ways, and untroden Paths, that he might go unknown from theſe notorious Conſpirators, by whom (if this very Minute was not improved to his Advantage) thy Lord would have been unavoidably taken, to the Loſs of his moſt precious Life, by theſe moſt accuſed Miſcreants, and Blood Hounds of Hell.

This, *Judas*, had been love indeed. Neither Men nor Angels, without Notice of this Deſign, could have judg'd it any otherwiſe than Love. And a greater Love than the venturing

venturing thy own Life for thy Master's could not possibly have been shewn.

Or, *Judas*, its a Wonder that before thy foul and polluted Mouth came to his sacred Lips thou couldst not discern the Tears and Drops of Blood upon his heavenly Face.

Or, when thou hadst once kiss'd him, thro' sudden Eagerness, without discovering, yet the moistness of an unusual Kiss, should have made thee immediately to have look'd upon his compassionate, sorrowful Face, and there presently have seen written in deep large Characters of his own Blood, the Intent of thy abominable Approach, and wicked Design; and that it was not any Way unknown, or unlook'd for, but expected by our Lord and Master, who the very Evening before the Passover, said to his Disciples, This Night shall I be betray'd, by one of my Disciples, into the Hands of the most wicked Jews; and *he that dippeth his hand with me in the Dish, the same shall betray me*. And hast thou quite forgott, *Judas*, that thou answerd and said, *Is it I?* Or, hadst thou quite forgot thy Master had already told thee, He knew the very Thoughts of thy Heart, as well as your Brethren's; and had pray'd
for

for you all, that, *if possible they might be forgiven you.*

Thou, *Judas*, has often seen many Miracles done by thy Master; and wast not thou afraid at this time, that he might have performed one more on thee, as on *Cerab, Dathan* and *Abiram*, for offering *strange Fire* unto the Lord, as thou at this time offering *strange Friendship*; but will nothing of this do to keep thee from thy impious Enterprize? Or make thee alter thy wicked Intention? But thou art resolved to give a betraying Kiss, and to go on with thy former mercenary, unparalleled Resolutions; and to stifle all Checks and Reflections of Conscience to cry, *All hail Master!* and give the Kiss? And after this Kiss of thine, *Judas*, canst thou be looking upon, abetting, and aiding, and assisting these Vile Wretches, Officers and Soldiers; in all their Rage and Violence, with their rude Hands, thus to drag thy Saviour, and pull him along; and with Swords and Staves to force and hale him on, whilst Lanthorns and Torches directed their Blows upon thy Master? I say *Judas*, couldst thou see all this, and still persist in unrelenting and obdurate Impiety and Impenitence.

Saith our Saviour, *Judas, are you come*
out

out as against a Thief and a Robber, with Swords and with Staves to take me? I was daily with you in the Temple teaching and you took me not; But the Scriptures must be fulfill'd. They all forsook him and fled, Mark xiv. 48.

But thou Judas (Hear thou Deaf, and look thou blind, as Iſaiah ſaith) will nothing of all this bring anything to thy Remembrance, nor to behold any thing in my innocent Face? *Who is blind but my Servant, or deaf as the Meſſenger I ſent?* Who is as blind as he that is perfect in all Wickedneſs, and blind as the Lord's Servant? Having ſeen many Things, yet obſervedſt not. The Lord is well pleas'd, for his Righteouſneſs Sake, that all the Scriptures ſhould be thus fulfilled? and haſt thou blinded thy Eyes, thus hardned thy Heart, and wholly ſold thy ſelf to the Devil, to accompliſh this Wickedneſs and Cruelty to thy Maſter? *Whomſoever I ſhall kiſs, the ſame is he he, hold him faſt* Mat. xxvi.

Now when Caiaphas and his Crew had examin'd Jeſus, and had all with one Conſent unanimouſly voted his Death, yet it was beyond the Verge of their Power, to execute their Sentence, ſo bound him, and ſent him
away

away, Malefactor like, to *Pilate*.

When Morning was come, all the Chief Priests and Elders of the People, took Counsel against Jesus, to put him to Death. And when they had bound him, they led him away to Pontius Pilate, their Governour. Then Judas, who had betrayed him, when he saw how they us'd him; and that they to whom he had betray'd him, had gone farther in Malice and Rage to him, than was agree'd upon at first; and had condemn'd him to Death, carrying him from one Court and Council to another, and at this present time was going with him to Pilate; and saw now it would be made a Buifinefs of, when he had been promis'd to the contrary, that he must inevitably be known to be the Man, that Vengeance would not suffer him to live; and that he should not know where to hide his Head, when it was once come to be known among the rest of the Disciples. Judas fearfully foreseeing all this, began to repent, as he thought, in time, and resolved to carry the Money back to the High-Priest, and let them know, he had alledg'd false Matters to his Master; and therefore had brought them their Money again in full Tale, in the very same Bag, and threw it down to them upon the Treasury

Table

Table in the Temple, where before he had received it, and tell 'em plainly, *That he repented, and sinned in betraying innocent Blood.* And this he thought the only politick Way he had left to save himself, and bring his Master off again, he had so falsly betray'd. But they took no Notice of any thing he said to them. They had already made use of him as a Tool to betray Jesus of Nazareth to them. whom they a long time endeavoured to apprehend. And as for Judas, in what he had done, whether well or ill to himself, what car'd they? He had done well for them. Let him go and be hang'd if he will; what do we care? *said they, we'll go on with our Sport.*

And when he saw, that all that was said and done, would prevail nothing with the Jews, he goes out, and lays violent Hands on himself.

Then Judas who had betray'd him, when he saw that they had condemn'd him repented himself, and brought again the Thirty pieces of Silver to the High-Priests and Elders, saying, I have betrayed innocent Blood. And they said, What is that to us? See thou to that. And he cast down the Pieces of Silver

ver in the Temple, and went out and hang'd himself. Mat: xxv. 5.

The Petition.

AND now, Oh most holy Jesus, let thy blessed Spirit farther assist me in this great Work, to present thee, dear Lord to the Life, to my devout Soul; that it may more perfectly see thee in all thy Agony, Passion, Death, Burial, Resurrection and Ascension; and to admire and adore thee, O most blessed Saviour, in the greatest Humiliation and Adoration a poor Creature is able to do; as thou art daily interceding for me at the Throne of Heaven And this I beg upon the bended Knees of my Soul, in thy own Name, and for thy own Sake who art my Lord and Saviour, and our blessed Redeemer and Advocate. *Amen.*

BUT to proceed with the wicked Tragedy of the *Jews*. After *Judas* had hang'd himself, they took the Silver Pieces and said, *It is not lawful to put them in the Treasury, because it is the price of Blood. And they consulted together and bought the Potters Field. to bury Strangers in: Wherefore that Field is call'd the Field of Blood to*
this

this Day. Then that was fulfill'd which was spoken by *Jeremiah* the Prophet, saying, And they took the Thirty Pieces of Silver, the price of him that was valued, whom they of the Children of *Israel* did value, and gave them for the Potter's Field as the Lord appointed. But the High-Priest took *Jesus* and bound him, and sent him away early (it being a Work of Darkness) to *Pilate*. And they themselves came after to accuse him.

Pilate entering the Tribunal Seat , asked them what Accusation they brought against him. They answer'd and said in general, *if he were not a Malefactor, we would not have brought him to you.* *Pilate* being unwilling to meddle in the Affair; perceiving it was for Envy they accus'd him, and not any just Offence, asked them, Why they did not proceed against him, and judge him according to their *Law*, and not trouble him? Then the *Jews* said unto him, *it is not lawful for us to put a Man to Death*, That the saying of *Jesus* might be fulfill'd, which he spake, signifying what Death he should die, as he had prophesied of himself! *And they shall deliver him to the Gentiles, to mock, scourge, and crucify.*

Then *Pilate* enter'd the Judgement-Hall,

H

and

and when he saw no body come against him, calls to Jesus, and said unto him, *Art thou the King of the Jews?* Thinking no doubt to trap him in Words; but Jesus cautiously ask'd him another Question; *Hast thou said this thing of thy self, or did others tell it thee of me?* Pilate answer'd him *Am I a Jew, thy own Nation, and the Chief-Priests have delivered thee to me, What hast thou done?* For as yet none could testify any thing against him; nor had they their pretended Facts ready to accuse him. Moreover, they found *Pilate* to be very strict in his Examinations, and unwilling to be both Accuser and Judge; which made them backward to Answer to any Particulars till they had drawn up full proof against him, since a general Charge had no Influence upon *Pilate*, *Jesus said unto Pilate my Kingdom is not of this World.* Pilate therefore said unto him, *Art thou a King then?* Jesus answered, *Thou sayest I am a King. For this Cause came I into the World, that I should have Witness of the Truth. What is the Truth?* saith Pilate. Jesus answered, every one that is of the Truth, heareth my Voice. Pilate then goes out to the Jews, and tells them. that if they had nothing else to say against
Jesus

Jesus of Nazareth, he must and would discharge him, *for he, for his Part, found no fault at all in him*, John xvii. to xviii.

Then when they heard this, rather than he should be discharged, the whole Multitude ran in with open Mouth, and began to accuse him, saying, if we must come to Particulars, we are prepared: We found this Fellow teaching Sedition and Rebellion, and endeavouring to pervert the Nation, from paying Tribute to *Cesar*, and saying that himself is Christ, a King. Saith *Pilate*, I have heard of this already, and will hear no more of it. I must discharge him, if this be all you have to say: For I tell you, I can find no fault at all in the Man.

Then they were more fierce against him, but all to no Purpose, saying, *He stireth up the People, teaching thr' Jewry, beginning from Galilee, to this Place* But *Pilate* being now quite wearied out with this Nonsense and hearing he was a *Galilean*, knew that he belonged to *Herod's* Jurisdiction: and turns him over to him, Luke. xxiii 8. whom he knew to be at *Jerusalem* at that time; and therefore sends *Jesus* to him, who had been desirous of a long Season to see him, because he had heard many things of him, and hoped
to

to see some of his Miracles done by him.

Then *Herod* begins to interrogate *Jesus*; and finding he could get nothing from him; nor any Miracle done by him; and being vehemently accused by the High-Priests and Elders, *saying all manner of Evil against him*, that the Subtility of Men or Devils could invent: For they distrusted of having any good done by *Pilate*, and so concluded that it was the last Stake they had to play, and thereupon resolved to make the best of it. They said that he pretended to be a King, and had forbidden them to pay Tribute to any earthly Monarch, and that he did frequently sow Sedition among the People. And that he likewise said, *He could destroy the Temple, and build it again in three Days*. But he answered nothing to all this.

Moreover *Herod* was inform'd they had been before *Annas* and *Caiaphas*, and that their Witnesses could not agree; that *Pilate* could find no just Accusation of Death against him, and upon that Account had sent *Jesus* to him, which he took very kindly; so that upon this Occasion, they Two become Friends, who before had been at Variance and Enmity a great while.

But, notwithstanding this, *Herod* calls a Council

Council of his mighty Men, and they debate the Matter among themselves, but yet could find no Cause of Death in him, more than the Violence of the People: So that *Herod* was neither willing to release nor condemn him, but he and his Nobles made Sport with him awhile; *set him at nought, mock'd and array'd him with a Purple Robe*, (others in a white one) out of Derision to his Regal Power, and on purpose to render him the Peoples Scorn, and inflame their merciless Cruelty the more. Thus he returns him back to *Pilate*, with a Compliment of Thanks for the high Favour he had done him, in sending this Malefactor, the King of the *Jews*, to him. I have Rob'd him, and given him what Ignominy and Spite I thought convenient; but as for the putting him to Death, or condemn him, it belongs not to my Province, but more immediately to you, that are under *Tiberius Cæsar's* Government.

And thus our dear Lord and Saviour, the Lord of Life and Glory, is carried first to *Annas*, then to *Caiaphas*, and *Pilate*, afterwards to *Pilate* again? toss'd and tumbled about, and permitted no where to rest, but hurried from one Court, Council, and Judgment Seat to another, before they could determine the Matter

Matter? but yet they thought fit to have him blind-folded, spit upon, and struck in one Court, bound, mock'd, set at nought, and array'd in another; beaten and revil'd in another; and scourg'd and buffeted almost in all but yet not acquitted or discharg'd in any. Well might he bitterly complain, *Foxes have Holes, and the Birds of the Air have Nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his Head.*

Now a second Time is our dear Jesus brought before *Pilate*, from *Herod's* Court. *Pilate* being much concerned at the Clamour that was made abroad against Jesus of *Nazareth*, by the most rude and vulgar Sort, that run more by Tumult and Noise than Reason and Judgment, and it appear'd all along to be nothing but unheedy, inconsiderable Malice, he resolv'd to trouble himself no more with this Sort of Cattle, but to hear what the Chief-Priests and Rulers had to say for themselves, *Luke. xi.*

You have, says he, brought this Man before me again, *What have you to say against him?* And finding they had no more to say, than what they had said to *Herod* before, That he was a *Deceiver*, and one that was for perverting the People from their Duty and Allegiance

Allegiance to their King, by calling himself a King, : Said *Pilate*, — I have been credibly inform'd. That in one of his Speeches he made to the People, he exorteth them quite the contrary ; *To give Tribute to whom Tribute is due ; Custom to whom Custom is due.* And moreover, *To give to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's ; and to God, the things that are God's.* And having read the Scriptures, we know that they are all full, and abound every where almost with Predictions of a Saviour, a Messias, of a Christ, and of a King of the *Jews*, and this may be the MAN as far as I know. This we are all sure of that he has given shrewd Demonstrations of his God-head and Power ; and why may not he be your King ?

At this they all cry'd out with one Acclamation, *We will have no King but Cæsar.* But hold, said *Pilate*, if I must be his Judge, I must ground my Reason upon good, clear, full, and agreeable Evidence, before I can condemn him. I am not yet free to condemn ; I profess truly, I have much Anxiety of Mind, and there is one thing that continually disturbs it of late, which I meet with in my thoughts at every turn, and that is, the strange Miracles wrought by him of late, which none of
you

you can be ignorant of, *the raising of Lazarus from the Dead, after he had been laid four Days in the Grave, and began to stink.* This is a very great thing, and a wonderful Miracle! Rather let us permit him a while to go on with his Miracles; and if he be the SON of GOD, more and greater Wonders than these will appear; but if he be a *Psuedo-Christus*, a false Christ, or false Prophet, we will immediately condemn him.

But (said the *Jews*) *if we should let him go on thus, and he should do more Miracles, the Romans will come in upon us, and take away from us our Nation and Synagogue.*

Now, when *Pilate* saw they still persisted in this envious and malicious Impeachment, he said, *Ye have brought this Man before me, as one that seduceth the People* — Behold, Gentlemen; Silence in the Court, *Cryer*. I must speak plainly, behold there he stands, I have examin'd him according to the Strictness of the Law, and with as great Subtilty as I am capable of; nay, I have cross-examin'd him, to see if I could trap him in his Words; but I profess before you all, *I find no fault at all in this Man, touching whereof you accuse him.*

Nay Silence, Gentlemen, I pray, and hear me a little farther. You yourselves very well know,

know, that I was willing to give you all the Satisfaction that possibly I could. I did not clear him, nor acquit him the Time before, tho' I might justly have done it; for there was nothing from your Accusations *that was worthy of bonds or Imprisonment, much less of Death*; yet to please you, since you were so eager of his Death; and withal to satisfy myself of *Herod's* Opinion, I sent you yourselves with him bound before *Herod*, and I know you have no mean thoughts of his Judgment; and you know, I suppose, that his Opinion was, *That he found nothing worthy of Death in him*, but he return'd him back to me, *Luke. xxiii.*

I will therefore chastise him and let him go. Moreover, you know that you have a Custom that I should release you one at the Passover, I will therefore release unto you the King of the Jews. Then they came all crowding in at the Door crying at once with a loud Voice, away with this Man, and release unto us Barrabas.

Now *Barrabas* was one that for Robbery and Murder in the City, was cast into Prison. *Pilate* being willing to release *Jesus*, spake again to them, but they cry'd saying, *crucify him! crucify him!* *Luke xxiii.* *Pilate* was resolv'd then

then to see, if the following Severity to the ever blessed Jesus, would satisfy them.

Then Pilate took Jesus, and scourged him, and the Soldiers platted a Crown of Thorns, and put it upon his Head. Well might Isaiah say of the Sins of the Jews, Your Hands are defiled with Blood: For now was our blessed Saviour's Back all of gore Blood. The Chastisement of our Peace was upon him; and by his Stripes we are healed. Surely he hath bore our Grievs, and carried our Sorrows, yet we did esteem him stricken of God, and afflicted.

He is despised and rejected of Men; *A Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with Grief: Which made that Cry come out of his sacred Mouth. Behold if any Sorrow be like unto my Sorrow! And Isaiah farther tells how his Disciples would leave him at this time: And we hid as it were our Faces from him.*

And the Soldiers platted a Crown of Thorns and put upon his Head. And they put on him again the Purple Robe that Herod had array'd him in, and said, hail, King of the Jews. And bowed the Knee, worship'd him in Scorn and Derision to his Kingly Attire, with his sacred Temples pouring down Blood from the Crown of Thorns fastned into them, which made
him

him cry out, the Arrows of the Almighty
stick fast in me.

Lord, who is able to behold thee, in this
miserable, scourg'd. and bleeding Condition ?
Thy Face besmear'd and daub'd with the pre-
cious Blood of thy sacred Temples, mix'd
together with the filthy Excrement of the
most nasty and polluted Wretches Spittle.

How, O Lord, are thy tender and holy
Back and Sides, buffeted, and bleeding with
their Jewish Stripes, and thy Cheeks smitten
with their filthy and brawny Hands. Who,
Lord, is able to behold all this and their
Hearts not bleed, and even faint away, to see
how he is thus brought out by *Pilate's* Com-
mand, before all the *Jews* ; who led him up
and down by the Hair of the Head. Speak-
ing of its Excellency and Beauty in the *Can-
ticles*, where all his Garments are set forth.
And his Hair as black and bushy as a Raven
now serves only as a Halter to lead and drag
him along.

Then said *Pilate*, Tho' I bring him forth
to you thus lamentably mangled and torn,
yet it is only to appease and please you :
But I find no fault in him. Then came Jesus
forth, wearing the Crown of Thorns, and the
purple Robe ; and *Pilate* said unto them, *be-
hold*

bold the Man! And this couldnot be acted without a Prophecy to the *Jews*.

Your Hands are defiled with Blood, and your Fingers with Iniquity. Your Lips have spoken Lies, and your Tongues have uttered perverse things, none calleth for Justice, nor any pleadeth for Truth. Their Feet run to Evil, and make Hast to shed innocent Blood. Their Thoughts are Thoughts of Iniquity; Wasting and Destruction are in their Paths. Judgement is far from them; neither to do Justice doth it overtake them. Again, Judgement is turned away backward, and Justice stands afar off, for Truth is fallen in the Street, and Equity cannot enter. *Isaiab. lix.* And again he saith more to the same Purpose; Yea, Truth faileth, and he that departeth from Evil (alluding to Christ) maketh himself a Prey. And the Lord saw it, and it displeased him that there was no Judgement.

And he saw that there was no Man, and wonder'd that there was no intercessor. Therefore his Arm brought Salvation to him, and his Righteousness sustained him. For he put on Righteousness as a Breastplate, and an Helmet of Salvation upon his Head, and he put on Garments of Vengeance for cloathing; and was Clad with Zeal as a Cloak. According to
their

their Deeds, accordingly he will pay Fury to his Adversaries, and Recompence to his Enemies.

Thus we may see how God's Spirit leads out the good Prophet; and not only him, but all the good Patriarchs and Prophets, are full with the Predictions and Prefigurations of holy Jesus, the Messias, but more especially the Prophet *Isaiab*. *Herod* before, and the High-Priests and Soldiers, now at this very time, cannot but open their Mouths and make Sport with our dear and ever-blessed Saviour; but it shall be foretold.

Against whom do you sport yourselves, Against whom do you make a wide Mouth, and draw out the Tongue? Are you the Children of Transgression. and a Seed of Falshood? Yea (for *Judas* betraying him) for the Iniquity of his Covetousness, was I wrath, and he went on frowardly in his Heart, *Isai*: vii.

Now notwithstanding all this that *Pilate* had permitted to be done to the innocent Jesus, thinking that this Indignity and Sufferings of our Saviours might have been full satisfaction to them all; especially having said unto them, *Behold the Man!* In his kingly Robes, thus affronted and abus'd in all his Contempt, Scorn and Misery: Yet was their

their inveterate Malice and Envy against the Lord Jesus such, that all this Barbarity had not satisfied their Blood-thirstiness: For the Chief-Priests and Officers no sooner saw him, but they cry'd out; All this will not do; we must have him crucified, nothing less will satisfy us. *Pilate* said unto them, if nothing less will satisfy you, nor appease this Tumult and Uproar, *Take him and crucify him yourselves, for I find no fault at all in him.*

This would not appease them. For (cry'd they) *we have a Law, and by our Law, we can put no Man to Death.* Moreover, we have a strict Law against Blasphemy; not boring through the Tongue, but Death; and by our Law he ought to die, because he hath made himself the Son of God.

When Pilate heard this Saying' he was the more afraid, and went into the Judgement-hall a third time, and said unto Jesus, Whence art thou? But Jesus gave him no Answer. Then Pilate said unto him. Speakest thou not unto me! Knowest thou not that I have Power to crucify thee, and have Power to release thee? -- How Pilate! Is thy Power so great, and wilt thou not do it? Out of thine own Mouth shalt thou be condemned --- Jesus answered

answered and said unto him, * Thou couldst have no Power at all against me, except it were given thee from above. But the Jews cry'd out, saying, If thou let this Man go, thou art not Cæsar's Friend. Whosoever maketh himself a King speaketh against Cæsar.

When Pilate therefore heard that Saying, he brought Jesus forth, and sat down in the Judgement Seat, in a Place that is called the Pavement, but in Hebrew, Gabatha. And it was the Preparation for the Passover, and about the sixth Hour, he saith unto them, Behold your King; but they cry'd out, Away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith, shall I crucify your King? The Chief-Priests answered, We have no King but Cæsar, John. xiv. 5.

Now Pilate, when he saw that after all the Ways, Means, and Courses he had taken with Jesus, to satisfy the Jews, would not do without crucifying him, he became ready to pass Sentence, and enter'd the Judgement-Hall, and sat down in the Judgement Seat, in order

* Eusebius, Speaking of Christ's Divinity, Glosses upon it thus: Christ's Divinity here stooped not to PILATE's Humanity.

to it, when his † Wife sent him a Letter with Words to this Effect.

HUSBAND,

I Beseech you, if you have any Love for me, or any Bowels of Pity and Compassion for this poor innocent Man Jesus, that now is arraign'd and stands before you, just ready to be condemned, and Sentence to be pass'd upon him on purpose to gratify the inordinate and impetuous Desires of a rash Multitude, and Bloody thirsty Jews. Forbear, I say, I humbly beg you and do not condemn him: And have nothing to do with this just Man, for I have suffered many things for him this Day in a Dream which I shall communicate to you as soon as I see you.

PROCLA

When Pilate saw this, and that he could prevail nothing, but rather that a Tumult was made, he call'd for Water, and wash'd his Hands before the Multitude, saying, I am in-

† Procula, His Wife, whom the Greek Church honour as a Convert of our Lord, sends a Letter to him to this Effect.

innocent of the Blood of this just Person, see you to it. Then answered the People, and said Let his Blood be upon us, and upon our Children forever, if it will, we will have him crucified. And the Voices of them, and the Chief-Priests prevailed, Luke. xxii.

Then Pilate released Barrabas unto them; and delivered Jesus to be crucified: And they took him and led him away.

Then they called together the whole Band of Soldiers, and with the scarlet Robe and Crown of Thorns on his Head, they put a Reed in his Right Hand, instead of a Scepter and they bowed the Knee before him, and said, *Hail, King of the Jews.* And then they spit upon him, and took away the Reed from him, and smot him on the Head with it. And after they had done that, they mock'd him, and took off the Robe that was upon him by Herod's Appointment. For to crucify him in the King-like Robe, would be a very great Dishonour both to the King and Country.

And the Saviour of the World being now left to a barbarous Multitude of *Jews* and *Gentiles* to be crucified, and to do what they would with; you may imagine with what Indecency and Rudeness they twist and turn about

about the sacred Body of dear Jesus, that is already most grievous sore and stiff with Blood, from their late inhuman Stripes; and with what Force and Cruelty they pull off his Robes, and put on his own Garments for his Crucifixion; is enough to make a devout Soul quake and tremble.

Thus they took the ever blessed Jesus, and led him away bearing his own Cross, towards Mount *Calvary*, or *Golgotha*, the place of a Skull, with all the Joy their Rage and Malice could invent.

Stay now, O my Soul, and take a serious View of thy Lord and Saviour, thus far afflicted and tormented and forsaken. I say now, if thy Heart does not bleed too fast, and the Sluices of thy dim Eyes do not pouer down too violently, take a View of him, and make a Stand. It's the Way to his Cross and he will be dragg'd by presently. O my Soul be like *Zaccheus*, make the best Ground, to view, and thy Time to consider, for now the Agony of our blessed Redeemer begins.

Ah, cruel and miserable *Pilate*, what hast thou now done? And whom hast thou condemned? And whom hast thou deliver'd to be crucified? The Lord of Glory! The Son of God! The Redeemer and Saviour of the World?

World! A just Person, as thou thy self hast testified of him. Thou foundest no Guile, nor Evil in his Mouth: What canst thou expect from him then for thy own Salvation? See yonder, how he's haul'd and dragg'd from thee; with his Head crown'd with Thorns, and his Temples bleeding; his Face besmeared with Blood and Spittle from the basest and vilest of the poor ignorant *Jews*, and his Back stooping under the Burden of of his own Cross; and his poor Legs trembling by reason of its Weight, which with the Dust, Dirt, Crowd, Sweat, Blood, and want of Sustenance to revive his poor *drooping Spirits*, * is ready to sink. Canst thou look after him, *Pilate*, and see all this, and thy Heart and Soul not faint and bleed.

What wouldst thou give *Pilate*, now, to recall thy wicked and abominable Sentence upon a just Person thus spitefully used and dealt with. *Like a Lamb to the Slaughter*,

* His sacred Lips having receiv'd no Nourishment from the Time of the Passover, untill his Thirsting upon the Cross, which was the Third Day, and exactly fore-runs the Time of his Body's lying in the Grave.

or the Sheep before the Shearer is dumb, so opened he not his Mouth.

But now, not out of Pity to his tender Back but thro' Fear he should not come to the Place of suffering, that his Torments might be lengthen'd, by inflicting more Punishments upon him; and that his Back and Sides might be open to the People's Scorn and their Strip's I say, the more easily to effect all this, they seized and compelled *Symon of Cyrenia*, a Traveller, to bear his Cross.

Oh, happy art thou *Symon*, to bear thy Lord's Cross! Let there be no Unwillingness in thee. Thou hadst no Hand in condemning, nor crowning him with Thorns, nor spitting upon, or buffetting him. Let it not grieve thee, thou may'st be amply rewarded for thy Pains. If thou believest in him, he, in Requital, will bear thy Soul in Heaven for thee. How many poor Souls now, would have been glad to have suffer'd for, or with him, that have already found the Virtue of his Death and Resurrection? But how can I blame thee, poor *Symon*, when all his Disciples had left him, and one of them was he that betray'd him to this? but all hid their Faces from him, as himself had foretold them.

And ye shall leave me alone, but I am not alone,

me, for the Father is with me. O dear Lord Jesus, Joyful is this News to me, that I now hear thee speak, that thou hast the Presence, Comfort, and Assistance, of God thy Father with thee, in this Hour, in this great Agony and Suffering.

And having thus far mournfully accompanied our Lord and Saviour up the Hill, loaded with Afflictions and Sorrows, to the Top of Mount *Calvery*, where his Cross is to be fixed; for the separating of his most glorious Soul, and most precious Body: Who can consider, and not be amazed to think, what stupendious Sorrows and Sufferings our dear Lord at this Moment feels and apprehends? Of all the Malefactors that we have at any time beheld Executed with our Christian compassionate Eyes, there are Three Things particularly, which affect and operate most upon the Hearts of sympathising Spectators: And according as the Sentence for the extinguishing Part of Life is, so we are more or less affected; or afflicted with Sorrow.

First at the Time of their Condemnation. and dreadful Sentence: "Thou shalt return
"to the Place from whence thou camest, and
"from thence to the Place of Execution, and
"there be hanged by the Neck, till thou art
"dead

“ dead, or quartered alive, or burnt to Death;
 “ and the Lord have Mercy on thy Soul.

Secondly at the present Time of their going up the Ladder; or being fastned to the Rack, Cross, Stake, or Block. What Eye can behold this, but their Faces shall gather Paleness and Sorrow, and their Knees even knock together with Fear and Trembling, to think what is at Hand, now they are going immediately to suffer.

Thirdly, At the Time of their very being in the present Agony of Death; where not only the present Torment of Body they endure, but the dreadful Terrors of an affrighted Conscience, at the immediate Sight of an avenging God, and irreconcilable Judge, that is now ready to cast both Soul and Body into Hell-Fire, must truly raise Compassion.

And such is the present State of all Men by Sin; for which alone our dear Saviour conflicted in the Garden, even to the extracting great Drops of Blood, trickling down his most sacred Head and Face.

And when he saw his most righteous Father would not revoke his eternal Decree and Punishment to Mankind for Sin, without his own ever blessed Son's undergoing and suffering Death and Hell for us. Saith he,
If

If this bitter Cup shall not pass from me, without drinking it thy Will be done. A Body thou hast prepared, that is mounting the Cross, and is ready and willing to suffer all the Misery and Torment that the most cruel Rage and Malice that Men and Devils, and an enraged God will permit to inflict, rather than poor Man shall suffer the Pressures of thy eternal Wrath, and Indignation, in that Lake which burneth with Fire and Brimstone for ever and ever.

Oh, blessed Father, thou art my Father from all Eternity, and am not I thy Son? Prov. viii. 23. *I was from everlasting, before ever the Earth was. While as yet he had not made the Earth and Fields, nor the highest Part of the Dust of the World. When he set a Compass upon the Face of the Deep. When he establisht the Clouds above. When he strengthened the Fountains of the Deep, when he gave the Sea his Decree, that the Water should not pass his Commandments. When he appointed the Fountains of the Earth then was I by him, as one brought up with him; and I was daily his Delight, rejoicing always before him, Rejoicing in the habitable Parts of the Earth, and my Delights were with the Sons of Men, when thou createdst*

atedst them in a State of Innocency and Perfection. And, O holy Father, shall I now forsake them in a State of Sin and Misery, and eternal Destruction? No, heavenly Father, for this very Cause came I into the World, I, the Immaculat- Lamb of God, slain from the Beginning, conceiv'd by the Holy-Ghost, born of the Virgin *Mary*; as to human Nature, am touch'd with Mens Infirmities; and therefore come to succour poor tempted Souls. I know the Devil's Wrath, Power, and continual Attempts on all Mankind. For this Cause was I carried into the Wilderness, endur'd Hunger and Cold, Fasting and Temptations; and I cannot but succour and relieve, and at last deliver those that are tempted.

As Man, I my self, O righteous Father, had fell by his Temptations, but as God, I overcame him; and can I let Man suffer, when I know he is not sufficient of himself, to overcome the Devil, or Sin, or the Power of Death and Hell, or thy eternal Wrath and Displeasure.

This was the eternal Decree of the Almighty Council of Heaven, from everlasting: That seeing Man was not able to recover his lost Estate, that a Man born of a Virgin, conceiv'd from

from his Godlike Power by the Fullness of Time should be born the Son of God, fully qualified God-Man, to make compleat Satisfaction and an Attonement for lapsed Man, to the unsatisfied Justice of an incensed God.

And for this Cause was I born here on Earth, and left the Bosom of my Heavenly Father, and all Thrones, Dominions, Principalities and Powers of glorified Saints and Angels, and took upon me human Nature, *And came chearfully leaping over the Hills, and skipping over the Mountains as a Roe, or a young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices. For this Cause came I, as in the Volume of the Book it is written of me to do thy Will, O God!* That poor Man might not be eternally lost; but thy incensed Wrath might be appeas'd; full Satisfaction might be made, the Power of Hell might be broke, and Devils themselves reserv'd therein, bound in Chains of Darknes untill the great Day; and poor fallen Man acquitted and discharged, and his Soul eternally saved.

This is Love indeed! Unbounded u nlimited Love! Infinight, inexhaustable, and incomprehensible Love of the Son of God! O the heighth, length, breadth and depth of the goodness of God to Mankind! Thus his tran-

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scendant

scendant Love, Love without comparison! Now what must all this extort from us? To see our dear Lord and Saviour Just Mounting the Cross and giving himself up to the utmost Cruelty that the Wickedness of Men and Devils could inflict upon him, from the Vehemence and Poison of their most barbarous Rage; and all this for our Sins, and to set us free.

But harken with Horror and Dread to the Sentence of *Pilate*!

“Take him scourg’d already, according to your Custom, and bound; take him, and crucify him, with this Inscription over his Head, written in * *Lattin Greek* and *Hebrew*: THIS IS JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS.

The Death of the Cross was the antient Punishment of the *Jews*, for their most notorious Malefactors, † before Christ’s Time, and therefore esteemed by the accursed *Jews*, most fit for our Saviour to die by. Omitting all the various Forms and different Kinds, which

* That every one that passeth by, might understand it. † Dr Cave’s Primitive Christianity.

were used towards the *primitive Christians*, there were two things in this Way of suffering, which made it very *severe*, viz. The Pain and Ignominy of it. Painful it must certainly be, because the Party suffering, was fastned with Nails drove thro' his *Hands* and *Feet*, the most sensible Part of Man, from such a vast quantity of Nerves and Sinews meeting and terminating in those Places.

And they were pierced only in those *Ex-*stream Parts, so far distant from the Heart. on purpose that the Exquifiteness of their Torments and Death, might be the more lingering and tedious; in somuch that some out of tender Compassion have caused some to be strangled before they were crucified.

As *Julius Cæsar* did the Pirates he had solemnly swore to execute upon the Cross.

But no such favour was shewn to Christians: They were suffered to remain, during all these cruciating Pangs, till mere Hunger starv'd them, or the Mercy of wild Beasts or Birds of Prey dispatch'd them.

Thus *St. Andrew* endur'd Two whole Days upon the Cross.

So *Timotheus* and his Wife *Mauritia*, after many other Torments, hung upon the Cross Nine Days together before they compleated their

their Martyrdom. Nor was the Shame of this Way of suffering less than the Pain of it; Crucifixion being the Punishment of Slaves, Traitors, and the vilest of Malefactors; inso-much, that for a *Freeman* to die thus, was accounted amongst the highest Degrees of Ignominy and Reproach imaginable; therefore the *Roman* Historians call'd it *Servile supplicium*, a Punishment only proper for Slaves.

But the Punishment of the Cross *Constantine* took away, out of *Reverence* to our Saviour, not being willing that *that* should be the Punishment of the vilest Malefactors, which had been the Instrument whereon the the Son of God had purchas'd Salvation for Mankind, *Sozom.* Lib 1 p. 418.

But now, O holy Jesus, must thou be lifted up to suffer and die upon the Cross, as it was prophesied of thee; *As the Serpent was lifted up in the Wilderness, so shall the Son of Man be lifted up.*

O blessed Jesus, who is able to see how with rude Hands, and scared Hearts, they force, twist, pull, haul, and extend thy sacred Hands (that were always doing of Good, and healing of Diseases) to nail them to the Cross? Who can but mourn and lament bitterly, as not being able to behold Thee,

the

the Lord of Life? Our Souls within us must be pierced, and our Hearts broken, to see thy blessed Feet thus extended and rack'd, and nail'd fast to the Cross; and to think what Agony and Torment they now endure, that always kept the steady Paths of thy God, in the ready way to Man's Salvation!

Now to see thee tread the Wine-Press alone; for of all the People there was none with thee; *And as thou thy self saidst, I looked and there was none to help; and I wonder'd, and there was none to uphold; therefore my own Arm brought Salvation to me; and my Fury upheld me. In all their Afflictions I was afflicted, and the Angel of his Presence saved them. In his Love and in his Pity he redeemed them; and bore them and carried them all the Days of old.* Thus the tender Care and Pity of Christ, was towards his Children and People: From the Beginning it bore Date in the Records of Heaven.

And now, dear Jesus, to see how with uncontroull'd Severity, they Pierce thy very Hands and Feet, and penetrate into thy Nerves and Sinews, not only forcing the sacred Blood out of thy tender and delicate Veins, but squeezing it to the Cross, and all
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for me, O Lord, and for my great and grievous Sins that are numberless, dost thou endure this dreadful Torment and shed infinite Drops of Blood, crying in the Bitterness of thy Soul, *Behold and see if there be any Sorrows like unto my Sorrows.* O Lord, who is able to see thee bleeding, groaning, and crying and dying for me, and not weep and mourn, and dissolve into Tears and Sorrow? Or, rather than my spent Eyes should want Tears help my Heart, O Lord, to weep Tears of Blood. Who can forbear, O Lord, when I consider every Sigh, every Groan, every Cry, every Tear, every Drop of Blood, every Pang, every Pain, every Twitch, every Convulsion, and every Distortion that thou endurest, are the Products and Effects of my Sin. O Lord, let never a Minute be lost, and never Thought be spent in vain, now my blessed Lord and Saviour is dying and bleeding on the Cross.

And thus should every devout Soul endeavour to do, when they come to the Table and Supper of the Lord, that being the only Time to give the strongest and livelyest Impressions upon our Hearts and Souls, of the compleatest Resemblance and Commemoration of our Saviour's Sufferings, and Death on the Cross

Cross for us; to consider how his Body was broken, and his Blood gushed out for our Sins and our Salvation. *This do* (as our dear Saviour's Words are) *as oft as you do it, in Remembrance of me*: Knowing that thus Christ died for thee.

And now, O holy Jesus, help my poor crippled Soul thro' the Crowd, to lay itself at the Foot of thy Cross, and receive the Drops of Blood as they trickle down from thy Wounds into my polluted Soul, that not one Drop of thy precious Blood be spilt, or the sacred Liquor of eternal Life wasted or lost. O Lord, who is able to behold thee longer? Oh that I could bleed, and die, and pour out my Soul with thee.

Happy art thou, O wretched Thief that was reserv'd till now to have the Lord of Life to suffer with thee; to have his Jewish Ignominy thy poor Soul's Advantage; to hear thy Prayers, and save thy Soul from eternal Death. Let thy cursed Companion and Malefactor persist in his obstinacy and Incredulity, with the rest of the sinful Jews cursing and reviling his Saviour, and going headlong to Hell: *If thou be Christ come down from the Cross, and save thy self and us.* Well was it done, O Thief, that thou so timely

ly rebukedst him, Why dost thou not now fear God, seeing thou art in the same Condemnation, and Suffering? We, thou knowest, suffer justly for our offences, but this Man hath done nothing amiss.

I cannot admonish or persuade thee longer, my Soul is just ready to expire, and I am fainting away. A Moment lost now is lost for ever. My Time is but short to pray for my own Soul that is loaded and crowded with an Infinite Number of Iniquities. If thou wilt die obstinately, Lord, help me to die penitently. If thou wilt continue in Contempt, help me, Lord, to continue in Faith and Patience. If thou look'st on him as a Deceiver, I look on him as on a Saviour. If thou aboudest in reviling and slighting the present Opportunity, I will abound to my last Breath, with strong Prayers and Tears, crying to my blessed Saviour, Redeemer, and King, *Lord have mercy upon me!* Quickly, quickly, O Holy Jesus, or I perish forever. *Remember me. when thou comest into thy Kingdom.*

O blessed Jesus, that art so ready to give out *Pardons* and *Remissions* to poor penitent Sinners, that call and cry to thee, at the very last Gasps, as soon as they ask. it is thy own
gracious

gracious Promise; *Ask, and ye shall receive. Heaven and Earth shall pass away, but not one jot or Tittle of thy sacred Word or Promise pass away. Verily, verily, thou shalt be with me this Day in Paradise.*

This is the Time of Repentance, yea this is the Time for effectual Prayer, and the Time for weeping and mourning for Sins? the Time of drenching and bathing thy Soul in the precious Heart's Blood and Life of thy Saviour. It's no matter what the cursed *Jews* say, in reviling and mocking of the Son of God, their King Saviour and Redeemer. *They that past by railed and wagged the Head, saying, Ah! thou that destroyest the Temple, and in three Days buildest it up again, come down from the Cross, and save thy self. Let Christ the King of Israel, descend now from the Cross, that we may see and believe. If thou be the Kind of the Jews, save thy self.*

O Lord, let the wicked *Jews* be now making up the Number of their Sins, thro' Infidelity, till the Time of Repentance is Past, and the Door is shut, I will be still calling and crying to my God. Let 'em in Scorn and Derision be crucifying their Saviour between two Malefactors; as the chiefest of them, I, in the greatest Bitterness of my Soul will be

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pouring

pouring out my most ardent Prayers, with Sighs, and Groans, and Tears, that are unutterable, to remember me now whilst thou art on the Cross, and as soon as thou art exalted in thy Kingdom of Glory.

O God, the Son, Redeemer of the World, have Mercy upon us, miserable Sinners.

By the Mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, fasting and Temptation.

Good Lord deliver me.

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy-Ghost.

Good Lord deliver me.

O Son of God, I beseech thee to hear me.

O Christ, hear me.

O Lord hear me.

O Lamb of God that takest away the Sins of the World.

Have mercy upon me.

Lord, have Mercy upon me.

Christ have Mercy upon me.

O Lord, hear and remember me, now thou art giving up thy most precious Life, and pouring out thy Innocent, harmless, and compassionate

passionate Soul. Remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom.

But stay, O blessed Jesus, what is it I perceive and see still in this black and dismal Hour? O Lord, it is Thee in thine Agony and bloody Sweat? It is so dark, I can but just perceive thee. It is not finished yet? What sayest thou Lord, to my fainting dying Soul? Speak Lord, one Word of Comfort to me, notwithstanding all thy Adversaries and implacable Enemies about thee. *Speak Lord, for thy Servant heareth; Speak Lord, and my Soul shall live.* If thou canst not speak in this great Conflict, let my good Prophet speake for thee.

Wherefore when I came, there was no Man to help; when I called, there was none to answer! Do you think I am past saving you, in this time of my Dereliction; Tho' you all forsake me in this Hour of my Crucifixion, I do not forsake you, my Children, my Flock. my poor Lambs, my redeemed, and the purchased of my Soul.

Is my Hand shortened at all, tho' nail'd to the Cross, that I cannot save, or that I cannot redeem? Or, have I no Power to deliver? Behold, at my Rebuke, I dry up the Sea; I make the River a Wilderness; the Fish stinketh, and crieth

crieth for Thirst, because there is no Water: I cloath the Heavens with blackness, and I make Sackcloth their Covering. I make the Earth to quake and tremble, and it would tumble down to the eternal Abyss, but that I bear up the Pillars of it, at this very Moment that I am bleeding on the Cross. Let the Jews have as vile and as mean Thoughts of me as they please, and cast all their Scorn and Malice, mix'd with their cruel Rage and Poison at me; It is I that make the Rocks to rent, the Sun to gather Paleness, and the Moon to be turn'd into Blood.

And that all the Scriptures might be fulfilled, and my redeemed Ones, the purchased of my Soul set at Liberty, I gave my Back to the Smitters, and my Cheeks to them that pluckt off my Hair. I hid not my Face from Shame and spitting. for the Lord will help me, therefore I shall not be confounded Therefore have I set my Face like a Flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed. He is near that justifieth me, who will contend with me? Let us stand together, who is my Adversary? Let him come near unto me. Behold the Lord God will help me, who is he that shall condemn me? Lo, they shall all wax old as a Garment; the Moth shall eat them up. Who

is

is he among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the Voice of his Servant, that walketh in Darkneſs and hath no Light? Let him trust in the Name of the Lord, and ſtay upon his God. Behold all ye that kindle a Fire, that compaſs your ſelves about with Sparks; walk in the Light of your Fire, and in the Sparks that you have kindled. This you ſhall have of my Hand, ye ſhall lie down in Sorrow.

But my Soul, draw near, or elſe thou wilt loſe Sight of thy Saviour. Darkneſs comes on apace, O holy Jeſus, is it not thee? Let me weep and drain my dim and almoſt blind Eyes, and look again; Lord, it is Thee; I ſtill perceive the Tears diſtilling down thy ſacred Face, thy Temples boiling out ſpiritous Blood; thy ſacred Hands and Feet blubbering up, and venting from behind thy Nails great Bladders of Blood and Froth, from the expulſive Force of thy exquisite Torment. O Lord, even now my Soul fainteth and dieth within me, my Spirit fails me, my poor and mortal Eyes, and tender fainting Heart is not able to behold thee longer. Nor can I, while Life and Strength remains, (and an Interval of Tears will permit my Sight) forbear looking after thee, pouring forth my frequent Requeſt

quests to thee; and falling into these strict Examinations with my self.

What from the sixth to almost the ninth Hour, is my dear Saviour in the Height of this vehement Agony, and not over yet; but still labouring and groaning under the Burden of my Sins! What heinous Sin am I guilty of that it is not atton'd for yet! That God is so extreemly incens'd at, that he will not yet Pardon it! That my poor Saviour is yet struggling for, till the last Drop of his most precious Blood is exhausted! Let me look immediately into my Soul, in every Corner of it; all must out and be discover'd, of what Nature or Quality soever; whether Lying, Cursing, Swearing, Perjury, Theft, Murder, Fornication, Adultery, Incest, Pollution with the Dead, or Copulation with Beasts, Blasphemy, Spite against, and Contempt of God's holy Word and Sacrament.

O quickly, quickly, help me, my God, to find it out, and bring all to Remembrance, that thou may'st no longer be extorted and convuls'd in this grievous Torment. O look on me dear Saviour. and cast quickly thy dying Eyes towards me, as thou didst to *Peter* in the High-Priest's Hall, when he deny'd thee, that I may immediately remember it,

since

since thy righteous Father is so exact and severe, that there is no Redemption of thy most precious Soul, and sacred Body from the Cross, untill thou hast paid the utmost Farthing, and made full and compleat Satisfaction for me.

Oh, dear Lord, that Cast of thy languishing dying Eye, hath brought all to Remembrance; and here dear Saviour, in the speedy Conveyance of a most ardent Ejaculation, it is most humbly and devoutly presented to thee, that thou may'st instantly be deliver'd from the Torments and bondage of Death, in making ample attonement for it, and my poor Soul be recorded as soon as thou art exalted in the Kingdom of thy Glory.

Stay, O my Soul, a small space longer, for now Darkness comes on so fast, I can scarce see Thee — But what is it I hear? Does this abominable Sin of mine stick so fast still in the strict Court of Heaven, that it makes thee cry out thus? Will it not yet be discharged? What dreadful Cry is it? I am sure my Sin must be the Occasion. Thou, O blessed Jesus, art spotless, and without Sin. *Guile was not found in thy Mouth.* It must be mine, O miserable and wretched Creature that I am! now impossible, and unable was I to undergo this Suffering and Agony for my Sins, as a polluted

polluted Worm. Dust and Ashes, and a sinful polluted Man, when it makes the Son of God thus complain and cry out.

Hark! hark, O my Soul. What is it that sounds thus in my Ears? 'Tis no usual Cry, so that it must come from my tortured Redeemer. Hark, hark, Silence! What is it.

Eloi, Eloi, Lamasabachthani?

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Oh, my Soul, What is it? What is it I hear?

Eloi, Eloi, Lamasabachthani?

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

O Lord God, O Saviour, O ever-blessed Redeemer, O Son of God, Lamb of God, dearly beloved of the Father, where shall I go? Where shall I hide my self from the Wrath and Displeasure of thy Father? If thou cry'st out so, that art his *only begotten Son, in whom he was always well pleased*, what then can I do, or where shall I appear? If Wrath breaks out never so little towards me, when thou, who art God, complainest so bitterly, what must a poor vile, miserable, wretched, undon Creature, and grievous polluted Sinner do?

But

But stay, Oh my Soul, Endeavour still to be looking up towards thy Saviour. Let my trembling, fainting Heart still endure the Crowd. If thou dy'st here, thou mayst still be remembred with the patient Thief. It's the only Time and Place under Heaven to give up a departing Soul in, but if otherwise, thou art call'd for a longer Time on Earth, have Patience, and see the last of thy ever-blessed Saviour.

If the Mother of our ever-blessed Lord stands to see the last Gasp of her dearly beloved Son; and if *Mary Magdalen*, and others, stand weeping and crying, and praying, to see the dismal End of this unparalel'd Tragedy, thou hast as much Need. I say, if *Mary* the Mother of our Lord, can stand to behold the Nine Months Labour of her Womb, and to see the Travel of her Soul thus tormented to Death, canst not thou do the same? More especially thy Sins, O my Soul, are great, which thou hast committed; have Patience a while, and all shall be forgiven thee.

Let us now see what farther the *Jews* have to do, 'till their Wrath be quite spent.

And when the sixth Hour was come, there was Darknes over all the whole Earth, un-
till the ninth Hour, and at the ninth Hour
N *Jesus*

Jesus cry'd out with a loud Voice, saying Eloi Eloi, Lamafabachthany? Which being interpreted is, My God, my God, Why hast thou forsaken me? And some of them which stood by, said, he calleth for Elias, let him come down and save him if he can. Then presently he cry'd, I thirst. Immediately one runs and fills a Sponge full of Vinegar and Gall, and gave it him to drink.

All this Suffering hitherto of our blessed Lord and Saviour, have wrought nothing on these cruel and incredulous, *Jewish*, stony Hearts, but they squeeze this bitter Poison into his most sacred Mouth, with horrid Revilings which at all times are counted the most base and inhuman, to insult over the vilest Malefactors, when they are suffering the Penalty of the Law; yet such is the cruelty of these barbarous Infidels: *Let us see say they if Elias will come and take him down from the Cross, and save him.*

But our Blessed Jesus, as he had lived Christ the Son of the everlasting God, so he would die Christ the Saviour of the World praying for his bitter and inhuman Enemies at the very last Minute of his Life; *Father forgive them, &c.*

And when they saw that all their Rage

Malice

Malice and barbarous cruelty, ended in a Prayer for them, their Hearts began to smite them, and they stood Gazing one upon another. But when they began to see such dismal thick Darkness fall upon them, and the Earth quaking under their Feet, some of them became convinc'd in their Consciences, and cry'd one to another, *Surely this is the Son of God*, What shall we do? And looking up to Jesus again, they saw him just bowing his Head, and saying, *Consummatum est; It is finish'd, Father into thy Hands I commit my Spirit.*

And, as one very devoutly observes, The Posture of his Death, carries in it a very lively Representation of his great *Love* to * Man-kind: HIS Arms to be stretcht out, as it were, to embrace all those that would come to him, and his Head bow'd down to kiss them.

*Nail'd to the Cross, his Arms out-stretch'd
Thro' Agony a Sigh he fetch'd;
Whose Voice all Thunders did out do,*

* Omnis Christi actio nostra debet esse instructio.

Rending

*Rending the Temples Vail in two;
Making the Earth to shake, and those,
Who slept in Graves, forthwith arise.*

*And after he aloud had cry'd,
Gave up the Ghost, thus crucifi'd,
Between two Thieves they do him rear,
Piercing his Body with a Spear:
Whilst Soldiers thro' base Avarice,
Do for his seamless Coat cast Dice.*

Up, O my Soul, and improve the last dying Hour of thy Saviour. See the Sins of the World, as a Weight on his Shoulders, with God's Wrath pressing them down, till he gave up the Ghost, and finishes the Redemption of the World.

And at the ninth Hour there was Darkness over the whole Earth; for the Sun began to hide his Head, as not able to behold it. The Vail of the Temple was rent from the Top to the Bottom; the Earth quak'd, and the Rocks rent; which made the Centurion, that stood by as a Sheriff by Pilate's Command, to see our Saviour executed) to fear greatly, saying, Truly this was the Son of God.

No sooner had our Saviour let fly his blessed Spirits, and ascended to his heavenly Throne of glorious Saints and Angels, but they

they rejoicing at his glorious Prefence, immediately break forth into the singing *Praises* and *Hallelujahs* with the penitent Thief.

But the *Jews* when they saw all this, began to call to the Mountains to hide them from the Wrath to come. *And all the people that came together to that Sight, beholding the things that were done, smot their Breasts and return'd: That the Scriptures might be fulfill'd, They shall look upon me whom they have pierced; and they shall mourn for him as one that mourneth for his only Son; and shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in Bitterness for his First-born, Zech. xii.*

This made *Dionisius* of *Athens* (being in *Egypt* at the same Time of our Saviour's Suffering) when he saw this great Eclipse of the Sun, contrary as at other Times, cry out, and say, *Ant Deus Naturie patitur, aut Mandi machina dissolvitur. Either the World was at an End, or the Maker suffered great Agony.*

And now, O my Soul, what hast thou more to do, but to stay till thy Saviour is took down from the Cross, and with the Remainder of thy feeble Strength, and almost spent EYES. accompany his precious B O D Y to his F U N E R A L, which will be solemnized this Evening.

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*The Jews therefore, because it was the Preparation of the Sabbath, and Even was come, and they had a Custom among themselves, that Bodies should not remain upon the Cross on the Sabbath Day, especially at this Time, it being a great high Day, the Day of the great Pass-over : The Soldiers therefore came to Pilate, and besought him, * that the Bodies of the Malefactors might be taken down from the Cross, and their Legs broken ; which was no sooner granted, but one of the Soldiers abounding still with inveterate Malice more than the rest, notwithstanding the wonderful Miracles he had so lately seen from the glorious Sun of the Firmament, vailing its Head, the Earth trembling, the Rocks breaking in Pieces, and the Vail of the Temple (the most sacred Place of their Worship) rent from the Top to the Bottom. yet he takes no Notice of all this, but quickly runs with his Spear in his Hand, and pierces the tender Side of our Saviour, till Water and Blood gush'd out ; both Emblems of the*

* John. the beloved Disciple (to whose Care C H R I S T bequeaths his Mother) saw this, and bare Record of it, that we might believe, John xix- 22.

Two abiding Sacraments, that our Lord left with us in Commemoration of his blessed Humanity and Divinity, *Baptism* and the *Lord's Supper*. And this could not be done without a Prophecy. *In that Day shall be a Fountain set open for the House of David and the Inhabitants of Jerusalem, to wash for Sin, and Uncleanness, Zech. xiii. 1.*

And when they took down the Bodies of the other two Malefactors, and found them not dead, they broke their Legs; the *Jews* having a Custom among them, to break the Legs of the crucify'd Persons when they took them down from the Cross, if they found any Life in them. But when they came to Jesus, and found that he was already dead, probably from the vast Expension of Spirits, so much exhausted, and wasted by his former Sufferings, and for want of Respite, and Recruit of Sustenance; or, perhaps, from the Wound of the Spear in his precious Side, that he might the sooner expire; or rather from all together: Yet finding him already dead, they brake not his Legs; fulfilling the afore-determin'd Will of the Almighty, prophecying, *That a Bone of him should not be broken.*

Thus we see all along from the Foreknowledge and all-wise Counsel of Heaven,
and

and from the unalterable Decrees of Omnipiety, nothing from his Conception to his Crucifixion could happen to him, but what was unavoidably necessary, and foretold, that it might be of Belief to persuade one of a *Messias*; and of Infidelity to harden the other. For says the great Apostle, *I preach Christ crucified to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to us Gentiles, the Life and Power of God unto Salvation*; For they neither did, nor yet believe the *Emanuality* of the Son of God in this World, but still are in vain expectation.

Now *Joseph* being a Just Man, and altho' one of the *Jews* yet had no Hand in consenting to the Death of the Son of God, went in privately, in Respect of the *Jews*, because he was of *Arimathea*, a City of the *Jews*, and went boldly unto *Pilate*, and begg'd the Body of *Jesus*. And when Evening was come, because it was the Preparation Evening before the Sabbath, *Joseph of Arimathea*, an honourable Counsellor, who also himself waited for the Kingdom of God, came and went in boldly to *Pilate*, and craved the Body of *Jesus*. But *Pilate* fill'd with Incredulity, marvel'd that he should be already dead; and to be full satisfied, sent for the Centurion he had appointed to stand by and see the Execution done

done; and ask'd if *Jesus of Nazareth* was dead, and whether he had been any Time dead. Then the Centurion told him he was already dead, and that the Soldiers with his Leave, had taken him down from the Cross, and broke the Legs of the other Two. *But when they came to Jesus of Nazareth, they found him already dead, and therefore his Legs were not broken. When Pilate heard all this he commanded the Body of Jesus to be given to Joseph. And Joseph took him away, and wrapped him in fine Linnen. And there came also Nicodemus (who at first came to him by Night, and brought a Mixture of Spices, as the Custom of the Jews was, and wrapped him up in fine Linnen ready for his Funeral, which was to be solemnized in the Garden of Joseph a Place without the Gates of Jerusalem, and near to the Place where our Saviour was crucified, in a new Tomb, hew'd out of a Rock Joseph had made for himself, and where never Man lay before.*

And now, O my Soul, prepare thyself, with all Humility and Devotion, to follow thy dear Lord and Saviour to his Funeral. This is the last Office of Love thou hast to perform to the sacred Body of thy departed Jesus, who hath done and suffered so much for thee.

O

Oh,

Oh, my Soul, what an Honour is it to thee to be thought worthy by thy Lord, to be bid a Mourner to his Funeral !

And happy and blessed art thou, O *Joseph*, that thou wast waiting for the Body of Jesus, and for the Kingdom of God, O happy art thou, that in this black and dismal Night of Sorrow, thy Faith fail'd thee not, and that thy transcendent Love to Jesus, carry'd thee thro' all Fears and Difficulties of the *Jews* to crave the Body of Jesus.

This was Love indeed, That at such a Time as this was, while the Rage and Malice of the *Jews* was still boiling hot in 'em; and seeing all his Disciples had left him before this Day of Tryal, thou mightest reasonably have expected, that their remaining Rage might have shewn any manner of kindness to the remaining Body of a crucified Jesus. Yet true Faith carried thee beyond Fear; come Life, come Death, nothing can nor shall separate a true *Joseph*, a truly devout Soul, from the Love of Christ Jesus.

Yet withal, we may observe from hence, the Prudence and Care a Christian ought to have. He went privately in Respect of the *Jews*, whose precipitate Rage had so lately imbru'd their Hands in the Blood of an innocent

cent harmless Jesus, and was still reeking hot with that cruelty ; but he boldly in respect of *Pilate*, went in and begged the Body of Jesus.

His Love and Faith to Jesus made him bold; but his Wisdom and Discretion made him cautious. If he must sacrifice his Life for his Love to his Saviour, it should be by the Hand of a Legislative Power, and not the merciless Barbarity of the Mob. But it must be so, ready and resolved he was immediately to follow, and to second so good a Saviour, for whose Salvation he had so long waited.

O blessed *Joseph* ! hadst thou not took care of the Son of God, of Jesus of *Nazareth* the King of the *Jews*, of the ever blessed Jesus, the Redeemer and Saviour of the World, to have given him decent Burial, his sacred Body might have lain all mangled, torn, distorted, and extended upon the cold Earth, to the merciless Cruelty and savage Nature of wild Beasts, and Birds of Prey. But this was designed from all Eternity, that you should be the Man appointed by the hypostatic Council of Heaven: I say, to be the Man to embalm and entomb the Body of the ever-blessed Jesus; and for this thou'rt embraced and inthron'd in Heaven, in the Bosom of thy Saviour. Him that is not ashamed to confess and

own

own me before Men, in the most dangerous o Times, him will I not be ashamed to confess and own before my Father which is in Heaven.

And now Even is come, and the Time of the Solemnity and Entombing of our Saviour is at Hand; away now, my Soul, with all the heavy Weight and Burthen of thy Sins, to the Grave of thy Saviour, the Body born by Angels vailing their Faces, who in the Time of his Humanity, were always appointed by God to attend upon him, and minister unto him, and also while in the Grave, to perform the same heavenly Office, and there appeared two Angels sitting, the one at the Head, and the other at the Feet, and can we think they should be spared or wanted at this Time?

First followed by *Joseph of Arimathea*, and *Nicodemus*, then *Mary*, the Mother of the ever-blessed Jesus; *Mary Magdalen* and *Mary* the Mother of *James* and *Joses*; and the Mother of *Zebedee's* Children. And the Women that followed after as Mourners, beheld the Body where it was laid. And all the rest of the Mourners followed after, ordered by the great Herald of Heaven. *And I will in that Day pour upon the House of David, and Inhabitants of Jerusalem, the Spirit of Grace*

Grace and Supplication ; and they shall look upon me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for him as one that mourneth for his only begotten Son, and they shall be in Bitterness, for him as one that is in Bitterness for his First-born.

In that Day there shall be a very great Mourning in Jerusalem, as the Moaning of Hidradrimmon. And the Land shall mourn for every Family apart. The Family of the House of David apart, and their Wives apart. The Family of the House of Nathan apart and their Wives apart. The Family of the House of Levi apart, and their Wives apart. And all the Families that remain, every Family apart, and their Wives apart. Zech. xiii. 10.

Come now, O my Soul, do thou follow after. Gather up, I say, I say, all thy Sins from the Foot of the Cross, and bring them with thee to the Grave of thy Saviour. Bury them there in a Flood of Tears, with the rest of those afflicted Mourners, never to rise up again in this World to affright thee, nor in the next World to condemn thee. Leave them all there, to be laid upon the Head of the Scape Goat, and carried into the Wilderness, the Land of Forgetfulness.

Strengthen

Strengthen therefore your Hands, all you weak Hearts, and gather Strength ye feeble Knees, for now your Redemption is near at Hand. *And they rolled a great Stone to the Door of the Sepulchree, and departed.*

Thus having as succinctly as possibly I could run over the Passion of our dear Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, in that Method and Order the holy Scriptures have most perspicuously testify'd of him, both by the Prophets and Apostles, I shall conclude all with that of the most holy Apostle, and for the present leave his precious Body in the Grave, with Angels to attend his Call to his glorious Resurrection, which the blessed Apostle in a few Words thus thus proclaims.

Ye Men of Israel hear these Words: Jesus of Nazareth, a Man of God approved among you, by Miracles and Wonders and Signs, which God did by him in the midst of you, as ye yourselves do well know. Him being delivered by the determinate Council and Fore-Knowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked Hands have crucified and slain. Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the Pains of Death, because it was not possible he should be holden of it. For David speaketh concerning him; I foresaw the Lord always before my Face;

Face; for he is on my Right-Hand that I shall not be moved. Therefore did my Heart Rejoice, and my Tongue was glad; moreover also my Flesh shall rest in hope, because thou wilt not leave my Soul in Hell, neither wilt thou suffer thy Holy One to see Corruption.

Thou hast made known to me the Way of Life, and thou shalt make me full of Joy with thy Countenance.

Now, Glory to God on high, Peace on Earth, Good Will towards Man.

The D E A T H of
PONTIUS PILATE

WHEN *Pontius Pilate* saw, That Christ was crucified, buried, and was risen again the Third Day, according to all that he had predicted would come to pass; and that greater Miracles were done by him, and more Multitudes followed after him, he sent a Letter to *Tiberius*, then Emperor of Rome, to acquaint him of the whole Affair; and that the Christians as well as many others, not only
look'd

look'd upon him, but followed after him as a God

The Emperor *Tiberius* no sooner receiv'd it, but informed the Senate of it ; and at the same time desired of them that *Jesus Christ*, the King of the *Jews*, might be ador'd, and reckon'd with them a God also.

But they having a Law among themselves, That in all Matters of Religion they were to have the Preheminence, quickly forbidding it, by setting forth an Edict, prohibiting all Christians, upon pain of Death, the owning *Jesus Christ* to be God. In opposition to which *Tiberius* set forth another Edict, by which all Christians and others had Liberty to adore him, and worship him as their God.

At last *Tiberius* dies, by whose Death *Caligula* advances to the Imperial Throne, but he no sooner came to it, when *Pilate*, who had been Judge of our Saviour, to condemn and crucify him, was banish'd by him not only from *Jerusalem*, but from all the *Roman* Government to *Vienna*. *Pilate* here falling into Disgrace, and his own Conscience always accusing him, for what he had so notoriously and barbarously done, *Judas-like* laid violent Hands upon himself, and so ended his Days miserably.

Medi-

Meditations and Ejaculations to be used in private, before, or after our being at the Table of our Lord, drawn from the Consideration of Christ's Meritorious Death, &c.

O Lord, help the Sluices of my Soul to pour out more abundantly for my many heinous great and grievous Sins. O Lord help me! O Christ help me! O Saviour of the World help me! O help me, I fear I shall be drained dry too soon, and slacken too fast! Help me, to a River of Tears, that I may weep more and more, and pour out more freely Heart and Soul to my God.

This is Pleasure indeed: This is Joy inexpressible; thus to be thoroughly and perfectly employed in the Service of God for my poor Soul's Sake.

This is the only Viand for my poor Soul to feed upon. This is the Bread my Soul (O heavenly Father) eats, that the World *knows not of*. This the only Wine that cheers and makes glad the Heart of Man. This is the only Cordial for my fainting drooping Soul. This is the true Water, and Saviour of Life to my Soul; fetching out all Spots and Stains, all Pollutions and Crimes, of never so deep a Dye, of never so long standing; of never so large an Excretion, never so remote in the
P World;

World; never so secret or closely committed.

These thy closet and sacramentall Tears, mix'd with the Blood of thy dying crucified Saviour will wash and fetch all out. This is the only Elixir of Life. This masters the strongest Lusts and greatest Temptations.

This is of such Power and Force, that all the Devils in Hell join'd together, must give Way to it. This dissolves all Charms and Witchcrafts, Powers and Compacts of infernal Spirits, and breaks in Pieces all that a wicked Heart, murdering Hand, an incensed Enemy, or an intraged Devil can do. This Cordial, this Laver alone, transports the Soul, and makes it live, even in Death itself. Whether the most exquisite Pains of the Cross, Rack, fleeing alive, boiling in Oil, or roasting alive, breaking on the Wheel, or tearing asunder with wild beast, let it be of what Nature, Degree, or Quality soever. This Cordial bears the Soul above the Cruelty, Rage and Malice, that the worst of Men or Devils can invent. Nay further, if this be rightly taken, and made use of, it appeases the Wrath of an incensed, intraged, and otherwise irreconcilable God.

Oh,

Oh, heavenly Father, this thou canst not withstand, so great Power have Closet and Sacramental Prayer. One Hour spent thus closely in Communion with God, is worth Ten Thousand elsewhere. These Prayers and Tears will force open the very Doors of Heaven itself When an enraged God cannot, nay, will not longer hold out a Saviour, a Redeemer, an Advocate so dear and so near a Friend in Heaven will prevail for us. And from this Time our Names shall be recorded in Heavea, and writ in the Book of Life, in red Characters of our Saviour's Blood, over every one of our Mansions, *He has already prepared for us.*

This is certainly a true Security for our Souls against all Accidents of the Body ; against Battles, Murders, and sudden Death ; against Fits of the Stone, Convulsions, Distortions, twisting of the Guts, and the most exquisite Torments of the Bowels ; against Palsies, Lethargies, Appoplexies, and all depriving of the natural Senses.

The continual course of these Duties is the only Antidote against, and in, decrepid Old Age, Decay, and Loss of Sense and natural Reason. This preserves thee from and in, Bonds and Imprisonments, Storms, Tempests and Shipwrecks, against all Calamities and Afflictions,

ons, Anguish and Torments of the Body ; and being effectually applied, against all Wounds of Conscience.

This Temper of Soul, and Interest in a crucified Saviour, makes one to grow (O Lord) quickly weary of the World, and to flight and condemn all earthly Delights.

This makes me earnestly long to be dissolved, and to be with Christ. This will make the Soul insult upon, and trample over all Principalties and Powers ; all Thrones and Dominions ; and desire no longer to live, than thou canst be thus disposed, qualify'd and employ'd, This will make thee, O my Soul, to do no Evil with Allowance or Consent.

The Soul, Lord, may be imposed upon by the Body daily in one degree or other : But what Evil do I allow not ? My Eyes, Ears, Nose, Tongue, Smell, Taste, Hands, and Feet, they all assault my poor Soul daily, in one Manner or other, to let in a Multitude of Sins, and Temptations, and so cause a War between Soul and Body which the Apostle *Paul* too well knew, when he complained of it, saying. *I have a Will in my Members, that Wars against the Will of my Mind, and leads me Captive unto Sin and Death.* O wretched
Man

Man that I am ! One Look from thy heavenly Eye, dear Saviour ; or one Glimpse of Thee, one Hour of Closet Devotion, or Sacramental Devotion, will make me Conqueror over all, and say with the Apostle, *Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

This is all that a poor Soul can do; or that God requires of thee. Strong Prayers and Tears, mix'd with the Body and Blood of thy Saviour, is all thou art able to give for Heaven itself.

He that calls, cries, weeps and cometh thus unto me, *I will in no wise cast out.* This is all that God doth require of thee, *To do Justice, love Mercy, and walk humbly before thy God.* this shall seal the Bonds of the everlasting Covenant, between God and my Soul, writ in thy precious Blood ; and he himself shall be a standing and an abiding Witness to each Covenant *And I will make with thee an everlasting Covenant even the sure Mercies of David :* And himself shall be my Advocate, to plead my Title to an Inheritance *incorruptible not away, reserved in Heaven for me.* If any Man sin we have an advocate with the Father, *Jesus Christ the righteous, daily making intercession for us.*

When

When thou art praying, reading, or Meditating, take not thy Eye or Heart off, my Soul but go on with it, thy God is at the End of it, Heaven is at the End of it, and thy Redeemer is at the End of it, Heaven is at the

This is thy *Viaticum*; This is *Jacob's Ladder* thou art ascendang. It's the sure and certain Way to Heaven and eternal Life.

This is my Saviour's Advice, and I dare and will put my Soul upon the Dependance and Assurance of it. Ten Thousand to one for thy *Sécurité*. *Enter into thy Closet, shut thy Door upon thee, and pray* (strongly and earnestly in this manner already proposed) *to thy Father in private*, and he will reward thee openly. This is to give thee. O my Soul, all *Things necessary in this World, and in the World to come, Life everlasting.*

O my Soul, when once thou art come to taste this heavenly Food, and relish aright this Cordial of Life, what Sweetness, what Pleasure, and what Delights doth it bring! O heavenly Father, and ever blessed Redeemer, this Laver alone to wash and rince my polluted Soul in, will make it fit to be presented to the *Lamb on the Throne, without Spot or Wrinkle or any such thing.* And this I beg with all

the Humility and Devotion I am able to do, upon the Account, and for the Sake of my ever-blessed Redeemer and Advocate ; concluding in that Heavenly Prayer he himself hath taught me, saying, *Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.*

A Prayer to be said by the Author or Reader.

O Lord, assist me so with thy blessed Spirit, that all that I have now written or read in this foregoing Work, may always be fresh upon my Heart and Soul ; and grant, O God, that at this Time I may pour out my Soul to thee on my bended Knees, in such like Prayer and Supplications that may be prevalent with Thee, my heavenly Father, to guard and defend me this Day, from all manner of Sin, and Power of Temptations whatever.

More especially those Sins that do so easily beset me at every turn ; those Sins, thou knowest, O heavenly Father, are my familiar and prevalent Sins, that now by the especial concurrence of thy holy Spirit, I may be able to strike at the Root of them all, and like King *David*, kill the *Goliath*. Give me, O Lord, a true and rectified Spirit, sanctified throughout,

throughout to overcome all Infirmities and Corruptions of human Nature, And that I may betake myself to the great Business of my Soul's Salvation, and that with the Apostle, *I may run the Race that is set before me, looking unto Christ Jesus, the Author and Finisher of my Faith, who for the Joy that was set before him endured the Cross, despised the Shame and is now set at the Right Hand of God daily to make Intercession: For him hast thou, o heavenly Father highly exalted, and given him a Name above all other Names, that at the Name of Jesus every Knee should bow, both of things in Heaven, and things in Earth.* O sweet Jesus, O blessed Jesus, who can but bow and supplicate to thee, and pour out Prayers and Tears to Thee that left the Bottom of thy Father and all the Adoration of Saints and Angels, and came down from Heaven to suffer the cursed and ignominious Death of the Cross for my Sins, to have thy tender Hands, which were always doing good and healing Diseases, and thy blessed Feet which always kept the steady Paths of Eternal Life, now to be turn'd twisted, extended, distorted, disjointed, and nail'd to the Cross to drink the Vinegar and Gall of thy Father's high Displeasure, for my

great

great and grievous Sins, to have thy most sacred Sides pierced, and to gush out with Water and Blood, to see thee all over sweating and pouring down Streams of Blood, from the Crown of thy Head, to the Foot of the Cross; and to suffer all this for my great grievous, heinous Sins and abominable Iniquities!

Nay, farther, O dear Jesus, to see Thee endure to lie under thy Father's Wrath and the Pressures of all these Agonies and Torments, which made thee bitterly cry out, *My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me.*

O Lord, what shall I do? Who is able to behold Thee longer? Who can but love and adore Thee with infinite, boundless, and unmeasurable Love, and desire earnestly to be dissolved, and to be with Thee? But if it's thy good Pleasure to spare me longer, let a true Love, and perfect Sense of all this Love and sufferings of thine, my dear Lord and Saviour, help me to live up to the exact *Pattern* thou hast left me here, of Meekness, Lowliness, Humility, Forgiveness, Bowels of Pity and Compassion, and that a perfect Sense of thy Crucifixion may always be fresh in my Heart and Soul, that so it might beget in me a com-

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pleat Hatred and Dread of all Sins ; that in the whole Course of my remaining Life, I may be preserved and defended from the like Sins ; that I run not the Danger of eternal Damnation : And that the inexhaustible Bowels of thy Mercy may take Pity on me, so that I crucify thee not again, but being delivered from all Iniquities, by thy most mighty Power, may, with the finishing my Course here, be received into the open Arms of thy eternal Salvation. And this I most heartily beg upon the bended Knees of my Soul, for thy Sake only, and and upon the only Account of *Thee*, my dear Lord and Saviour and ever-blessed Redeemer and Advocate, *Amen*.

A Death-Bed Meditation.

I Owe to God a Death, as his SON did for me. Ever since I have been born, I have been sailing to this Port, and gathering Patience to comfort me in this sad Hour. Wherefore should I be one of those Guests that would not come to the Banquet when they were invited ? What Hurt is there in going to sleep ? In going to Paradise ? I shall lose nothing but Sense of Evil ; and anon I shall have

have greater Joys, than I feel Pains; for my Heart is in Heaven already, to assure me my Soul and Body shall follow after. *O Death, where is thy Sting?* Why should I fear that which I would not escape, because my chief Happiness is gone before, and I cannot have it unless I go to it? I would even go through Hell itself for Heaven; and therefore I march but through Death, and suffer less than I would for God.

My Pains do not dismay me, because I travel for eternal Life. My Sins do not affright me, because I have *Christ* my Redeemer there. The Judge does not astonish, because his Son is my Advocate. The Devils amaze me not, because the Angels pitch their Tents about me, The Grave grieves me not, because I know it was my Lord's Bed.

O that God's Mercy to me might move others to Love him! For the less I can express it, the more it is. The Prophets and Apostles are my Fore-runners. Every Man will go before or follow after, If it pleases God to receive me into Heaven before them that serv'd him better, what Thankfulness do I owe him? And because I have defer'd my Repentance till this Hour, whereby my Salvation had been cut off, had I died suddenly, how doth God in
his

his infinite Mercy, to prevent my Destruction call me by this lingering Sickneſs to prepare me for my End, and make me, by wholeſome Pains weary of this beloved World, leſt I depart unwillingly, like thoſe whoſe Death is their Damnation ! Thus he loves me, while he beats me ; and his Stripes are Plaſters to cure my Sores ; therefore who ſhall love him, If I diſpleaſe him ? This is my whole buſineſs now, to ſtrengthen my Body with my Heart, and to be contented as God hath appointed, until I can glorify him, or he me. If I live, I live a Sacrifice ; if I die, I die to my Saviour ; for Chriſt is ſacrificed for me ; and therefore ſhould I at all fear Death, I have not that Faith and Hope I profeſs'd ; but doubted of God's Truth in his Promiſes, whether or no he will forgive penitent Sinners, (which I fear not) Come, Lord Jeſus, for now thy Servant cometh into the everlaſting Arms of Mercy. I commit now my Soul into thy Hands, O heavenly Father, come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly.

A LETTER

A LETTER written to a Sick Friend,
by the Author.

Beloved,

I *Marvelled not that you have Pain, for You are sick; but wonder you cover it not for Offences; because the Wisdom of Man is to bite in his Grief, and always to shew more Comfort to God, than Pain in suffering. Now God calleth to Repititions, to see whether You have learned more Patience and Constancy than others. If Sicknes is sharp, make it not sharper by Frowardness; but know this is a great Favour to us, that when we die by Sicknes, it makes us ready for God when he calls us.*

And now you have nothing to think on but God, and you cannot think on him without Joy. Your Grief, that passeth away, but your Joy that will never. Tell me, my Friend, or Patient, how many Stripes is heaven worth? How hath the faithful Man forgot all things (even Death itself) turn'd to the best, to them that love God?

Teach the Happy, O Lord to see his Happiness, through Trouble. Every Pain is a Prevention of the
Pain

Pain of Hell. Every Ease in Pain is a fore taste of the Ease and peaceful Joys of Heaven. Remember therefore your own Comforts to others before, and be not impatient when there is most need of Patience; but as you have ever taught us to live, so now give us an Example to die, and deceive Satan as Job did.

Some necessary Reflections upon the Body, Soul, and Resurrection.

THE Question propos'd by Sir Kenelm Digby to my Lord Dorset, was this, *Whether the Body he now lookt upon, is the very same, Body Nose and Eyes, It was several Years past.*

You will answer, *Most certainly the same.* Yet if we consider strictly, and like Philosophers, it can properly be called no more the same Body, than the Ship at Athens may be called the same Ship that was there Two Hundred Years before: for by reason of the continual Reparations, not one Foot of the Timber is remaining in her, that built her at first: And the River of Thames the very same River it was in Queen Elizabeth's Days, when as the same Water that run down by Whitehall last Night, is not the same indivi-

dual

dual Water it was then, nor never will again? yet it is called by the same Name, and is supplied from the same common Stock, the Sea: For Bodies that are sublunary Matter, being in a perpetual Flux, and in Bodies which have internal Principles in them, of Heat and Motion, which continually transpiring, to make Room for new Aliment, in long Progress of Time, are all chang'd, as the Ship at *Athens*.

So, certainly are our Bodies chang'd by a constant supply of Food, daily receiv'd and incorporated into them; but that being spent by transpiration, and other Excrementitious Ejections, requires a fresh recruit, and is assimilated to Parts dead, to maintain a Body or Case for the Soul, which is contained as long as any of the same Nutriment is left. And thus the Face, Legs, Arms, or Body, is plump fleshy, with agreeable Nourishment, that afterwards, by Want or Sickness, is decay'd again, 'till suitable Aliment or Food gives it a fresh Supply.

Now, this Flesh thus plump'd and rais'd a second Time, is not the very same Flesh, plump'd and rais'd the first Time, and was decay'd by want or Sickness, but new Flesh, yet the

the Man is called the same Man, or Woman. For what we visibly see by our *Sense of Seeing*, the same may be concluded by Reason, where Vision is imperceptible. For as we see the Nails of the Hands, and Hair of the Head grow daily forward from the same Root, and being par'd or cut off, grows strait forward; and that which was the Roots of the Nails or Hair before, comes gradually to the extream Ends, and is cut off in like Manner as the former Ends were; and there are new Roots and Ends successively by Turns; and yet still are called the same Hair and Nails.

So, in like Manner you have a Pimple rises upon the Lip or Face, which afterwards turns to a Scab, and if pull'd off before thoroughly ripe, discovers in the Flesh a Rawness, or Hallowness, and grows again, and scaling off in its Time, is fully incarnated, and shews as it formerly did, with the rest of the Face or Lip, and yet is called the same Face or Lip, was formerly.

Now, if we can own and acknowledge these Things, thus visible to our Eyes, and Sense of Seeing (which is impossible for us to deny) must we not by the *Sense of Reason*, conclude

conclude the same changing and casting off to be in the Flesh of the Body and Skin, daily as new Matter; For Flesh and Skin casts off the old by Transpiration. What is Scurf that comes from the Head in combing it; and the Rolls of the Skin in sweating and bathing (which makes it the more visible to the Eye) but the old Skin cast off by new coming in its Place; And so it is constantly the same to Reason, by daily Transpiration, as it appears thus to our naked Eye, by bathing or combing. Pardon the Vulgarness of the Expression, that I endeavour to make it thus plain to the most common Capacity of Mankind. And thus it is call'd the same Man, same Nails, same Skin, same Face, same Lip, same Hair it was many Years before.

Tho' you see strictly like Philosophers, it is not yet the same, but bears the same Name, as it is the Case, Frame, or Cabinet, to contain the same Soul which never changes, being immutable, and of a divine Being, and returns again the same to God that gave it.

But to demonstrate this Argument more fully to the Life: Suppose you beheld a Man or a Woman fully grown, and compleat in every Part, at twenty-four Years of Age, and are well acquainted with him or her, and

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should

should not see him or her again in Fifteen or twenty Years more; and then if it were possible to see him or her exactly in two Figures or Proportions, at one and the same time together before your Eyes. The one Figure, Body or Proportion, to make up and represent exactly to the Life, so far as you remember what he or she was then, the same in Appearance, to every particular Feature and Simile, at Twenty-Four Years of Age, and the other Figure to represent the very same he or she is alter'd and changed in this Succession of Time till now, you would certainly behold a vast Difference in each Countenance. Yet it must necessarily be concluded by Reason, tho' not visible to Sense, the same in every Part, tho' not so easily perceived. Then do but consider from whence this Change proceeds and make this Alteration, but from the Change of Time, and Nourishment, and yet is call'd the same Man or Woman, tho' not one Bit of him or her is left now, as was then; as doth appear by the vast Difference and Alteration of the two Persons before your Eyes, and yet is called the same Man, or same Woman, because the same individual Soul, which is the substantial Form of Man, never alters, but remains the same.

Now,

Now, having thus far run over these Difficulties, to make them easy to the weakest Capacity, that first the Body is not the same as was before, being daily alter'd and chang'd by daily Nourishment and Time, as I have endeavour'd already to make manifest and plain. That the Body must necessarily alter and change, according to the *Nature* of the Food and Nourishment, received, digested, distributed, incorporated, and assimilated: As provided we live one Day upon Bread, and what may be made from Flower? another Day from Fruit, and a Third on Herbs, a Fourth on Flesh. Now the First Day's Food must pass the Range and Method of Fermentation, Digestion, Distribution, Incorporation, and Assimilation, before it can make Way for the Second, and the Third before it can make Way for the Fourth. And thus our Bodies must necessarily partake of the same Nature with our Food; one Day of Grain or Flower, another of Fruit, a Third on Herbs, and so on, by which our Bodies must change, and have Relation with our Food.

But the Soul is the same, immutable and unchangeable Being it was before: No Time, no Place, nor Condition, doth one jot alter or change it from being the same for ever; which

which from all that has been said, will make the Resurrection more easy to us.

A Word or Two more of *That*, and I have done.

How at the Resurrection it may be said to be the very same Body re-united. and joined to the same Soul again. Or to think, that every Attom of the present individual Matter of the Body; and that every Grain of Ashes on a buried Cadaver, scatter'd by the Wind thro' the World, and its various Changes and Mutations, paradyventure in the Body of another Man, should at the Sound of the last Trumpet, be taken together again from all the Corners of the Earth, and made up into the same Body as it was before of the first same Man. As a Man that is kill'd and devoured by a wild Beast, this Beast is kill'd and devoured by a greater, this last Beast dies, and is devoured and eat by the Fowls of the Air, afterwards those Fowls are kill'd and eat by Man.

Now this first Man passing all these various Digestions and Incorporations of Bodies, at last may come to be eat by Man again, and transmuted and incorporated into him. Yet if we will be Christians, and rely upon God's Promises, we must believe *We must rise again*
with

with the very same Bodies we had at first, and with the very same Eyes see our Redeemer, wherewith we look upon the fading Glories of this contemptible World: With those very same Eyes, and not another, tho' my Reigns are consumed within me.

To untie this knotty Speculation, and illustrate it as plain as I am able, thus I take it. All Forms remain absolutely the same when separated from Matter, as they were when join'd to it. Now the Soul is the Form of a Man, and remains; the Body is of the *Matter* *Earth*, and returns to *Earth*. Again, all *Matter* coming out of the same Magazine, makes the same Magazine, with the same Eyes and Limbs as it had before. Nay as Sir *Kennelm Digby* says, he is compos'd and made up of the same individual Matter? for as it had the same Distinguisher and Individuator, that is, the same Form or Soul.

For Matter, consider'd singly in it self, hath no Distinction, but is all one and the same as in the *Chaos* at first; it's the Soul join'd to the Matter, makes a particular Form according to its own Identity and Being. I shall particularize it thus,

Take a Glais of Sand from a Mountain of Sand, and you can easily distinguish the Glais
of

of Sand from the Mountain of Sand ; but return back these few Sands from whence they were taken, and the Glassefull that was even now divided by itself, loseth that Form, and returns to one and the same it was before. Yet if you fill the Glass up again, where-ever you take it up, so that it be from the same uniform Mountain of Sand as it was before, tho' not one Grain or Particle of Sand be in it now as was then, yet to any rational Eye it seems to be the same, being in the same Glass, and same Figure, Colour and Proportion, and from the same Mountain of Sand.

Now tho' this is not an Example plain enough, yet it is sufficient to make a speculative Man perceive, and have more refined Thoughts of the Resurrection. For suppose God should join the Soul of a lately dead Man whilst his dead Corps lies by in his winding Sheet, unto a Body made of Earth, from some remote Mountain of the World, tho' it is most true, that was the Body he liv'd in before. Yet this shall be the like Body and Man, because the Soul must of necessity have the like Shape, Form, Figure and Proportion for its being. For suppose a Man to have a crooked Knife or Sword ; and provided that the Scabbard or Sheath be worn out, perish'd rotted
and

and decay'd, there is none will fit it, except one exactly made again of the same Materials, viz. Leather, Pastbord, Wood, or such like things; and then it appears to all Eyes the same, and call'd by the same Name as before tho' not one Bit of the Matter is in it now, as was before.

Thus the Soul being the Form of Man, and the Body being perisht, rotted and decay'd, returning to the Earth from whence it came, and mix'd and shuffled together again, as in the *Chaos* at first; yet at the Sound of the Trumpet, the great alarm and *Fiat* of the Almighty, shall appear to be the very same Man, to behold the ever-blessed Redeemer with the same Eyes, because the same Soul.

And now seeing the Matter to be the same it was; and both join'd together by the same Omnipotent Power that was, may we not necessarily conclude it to be the very same Man that was; and so to be ever with the Lord.

*Some necessary Meditations upon Death, with
a Prayer against the Suddenness of it.*

AS all Ages have had their Times and Periods, so mine will have its total Eclips. All the learned Sages of this World have

have departed and resign'd the Chair to succeeding Ages; only endeavouring to leave behind them some Specimens and Remarks of their flourishing Parts and great Wisdom.

But cruel Time hath always imploy'd his Talent to obliterate, and at last having work'd its desired End (with a common Fate) hath buried them in perpetual Oblivion.

Seeing then it is the constant Progress of natural Bodies to tend to a Dissolution, who can promise himself always to be here? Where are all the Victors and Heroes of the World? What is become of *Julius* and *Augustus Cæsar*? Where is *POMPEY*, *Alexander*, and all the *Macedonian Kings*? *Diogenes* laughs at them all, and tells *Phillip* when he came to the Charnel-House, to look for his Father's Scull, that the *Macedonian Crowns* leave no Impressions on their Heads that wore them; when once in the Grave, all are alike.

This made King *Phillip* so mindful of his last End, seeing Robes have no Exemptions, or Superseideas from Rags; Crowns and Scepters bear no Sway, where Worms have a Privilege Royal. These Thoughts got so great a *Memento* on *Phillip*, that he commanded his Servants to rouse him every Morning from his Bed, with these plain Words, *Remember*
thou

thou art a Man ! He chose the News of Death to be his Morning Messenger, lest, being charm'd with the Sweets of Life, he should forget his own Mortality.

HARK from the Tombs a doleful Sound !
*My Ears attend the Cry ;
Ye living Men come view the Ground
Where you must shortly lie,
Princes. this Clay must be your Bed,
In sight of all your Tow'rs ;
The tall the Wise the rev'rend Head,
Must lie as low as ours !
Great God ! is this our certain Doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still walking downwards to our Tomb.
And yet prepare no more ?
Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,
To fit our Souls to fly
(Whene're we drop this dying Flesh)
To thee above the Sky.*

And now help me, O Lord, by these small Sparks I have discover'd of thy heavenly Light, to steer my Course the right and safe Way, through all the Storms and Tempests of this troublesome World, till I securely Anchor in the Haven of Happiness, where I shall
S partake

partake of these celestial Joys which will ravish my *Soul* with *Delight*.

Its high time, O Lord, I should be making up my Accounts with my self for my poor Soul's Sake, before ever the Silver Cord be loosed, or the Golden Bowl broken ; or the Pitcher be broken at the Fountain, or the Wheel be broken at the Cistern ; before Dimness of Sight, or Decay of Reason overturn me. For I have now plainly discover'd all the mortal Changes of this tottering decaying Body.

What daily tender Care have I taken of thee, O my Body ! All my whole Life hath been to make Provision for thee, whom I was not sure to keep one Day, which at last must perish and die, and must leave me. Therefore how reasonably is it, from these Instances of my bodily Care, that I take more immediate Care of my soul, that must live to all Eternity ; and the rather because the living hereafter must be according to the Care and Provision I make for it in this World. And this I am assur'd of, *As the Tree falls, so it lies ; and as Death leaves me, so will Judgment find me* : These Words of my Saviour were given me as a Direction for attaining the everlasting Happiness of my precious and immortal Soul ; therefore I will abhor all vain Belief of *Pope's Bulls, Pardons, Indulgences*

Indulgences, and *Purgatories* ; for they have no Power to save my Soul one Day or Moment from Heaven or Hell.

The last Words of a dying Saviour to a penitent Thief, shall be my Cordial of Life, and Dormitory of Rest ; *This Day thou shalt be with me in Paradise.*

Consider therefore, O my Soul, Death, is every Moment parting Stakes with me, and taking his own Share, and hath the Advantage of me daily, having already secur'd the better Half, and will never be quiet till he hath got All, and separated these two beloved Inmates and Partners.

And then, O my Soul, when Death hath monopoliz'd the Body, shalt thou be singled out into a State of Immortality and Constancy of Being, never to admit of End or Alteration, either for better or worse, according to the unalterable Decrees of Omnipotency.

Look then, O my Soul, to the many various Rubs and Turnings in the Way to the Region of eternal Bliss ; and direct thy Course like thy dear Saviour, with struggling, fasting, praying, bleeding and weeping for thy Sins. Draw near to God with a true Heart, in full assurance of Faith having thy Heart sprinkled with the Blood of thy Saviour, and wash'd
from

from an Evil Conscience with true penitential Tears. Let me hold fast the profession of my Faith without wavering, *For he is faithful that hath promised, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Whatsoever you ask of my Father in my Name, he will give it thee: And he that cometh thus unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*

And 'tis thus I come, O Lord, into thy Arms: So come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; *Into thy Hands I commend my Spirit.*

Since then, that Man's Life is but a span, and thou art already upon the Brink of the Grave, and that die thou must, tho' the Time when, Place where, and Manner how, is uncertain: I say, since my Life is at Command of all Accidents; and some one may readily seize me at unawares, tho I am a Stranger to it, without the special Providence and Protection of God, there remains nothing for my Soul to do but to Prostrate itself at the Throne of Grace, and with the greatest Humility, upon thy bended Knees, and with uplift Heart and Hands wrong hard, strikeing Time with our trembling Spirits, beg Mercy thus, by saying,

O *Most omniscient, unbounded, unfathomed and incomprchenible Lord God, Thou who beholdest and bearest the Requests and Prayers*

Prayers of all thy Children and People the World over, I humbly intreat thee upon the Knees of my trembling fainting Soul, that thou wouldst be pleased mercifully to hear the Prayer and Supplication I am now pouring to Thee; this Flood of Tears in behalf of my precious and immortal Soul, from the fore-said timely, and weighty Consideration, for the Security and Safety of my eternal Happiness.

Having now, O heavenly Father, a perfect Understanding and Fear of Thee, O God, before mine Eyes, and a thorough Consideration of my own certain Mortality, and unavoidable Death that Daily attends me, and the great Concern I have to be found in that Moment with my Wedding Garment on, and my Lamp burning, do beg hard this Minute for a free and general Pardon for all my Sins, that the Censures of a wicked, or the Circumstances of a troubled Life, have render'd me guilty of: And seeing they are much like thy Servant David's [Murder and oversight in regal Authorities only excepted] give me, O dear, Father, the same sincere Repentance, that thy Spirit may say to me, as Nathan said to him, God hath seen thy Tears, accepted thy Prayers, and thy Sins are pardon'd and forgiven Thee.

But

But considering, O holy Father. the righteous Man falleth seven Times a Day, and the most devout Soul on this Side Heaven, whilst it is incumbred with this Body of Clay, ought to be upon the Watch every Moment of its Life, and the rather since Death is every Moment aiming at me, only thy Providence, O Lord, holds the Hand back, and stops the Execution Stroke. Therefore if any thing should cut me off after this Prayer is ended (which God of thy infinite Mercy forbid, but considering such a thing may be, before I have Time or Opportunity to pray to thee again, or to have so much Time as to cry out, Lord have Mercy upon me! O gracious Lord God, I earnestly beseech Thee, from the great Attribute of the Bowels of thy Mercy, which is over all thy Works, together with my dear Saviour's Intercession (overlooking all my Infirmities) that my Faith and Repentance might be effectual, that my present Transgressions may never be guilty of that Sin that may lose my Interest in a crucified Saviour.

Let the Prayers I am now offering up unto Thee, O holy glorious and ever-blessed Trinity Three Persons, and one God, with Sighs Groans, and Tears unutterable, may be accepted and recorded in Heaven for me, in the

red Characters of my dear Saviour's most precious Blood, to be an abiding Testimony for my poor Soul's eternal Salvation in the very Moment of Death.

And all this I most humbly beseech thee, O most gracious Father, upon the alone Account and for the sake of my dear Lord and Saviour and our ever-blessed Redeemer and Advocate, concluding with that most absolute Form of Prayer he hath taught me saying

Our Father, &c.

*Directions for receiving the Sacrament
of the Lord's Supper.*

Directions for MORNING.

*As soon as ever thou awakest in the Morning,
lift up thy Heart to God, in this or the
like short Prayer.*

LORD, as thou hast awakened my Body from Sleep, so, by thy Grace, awaken my Soul from Sin; and make me to walk before thee this Day, and all the rest of my Life, that when the last Trump shall awake me in the Grave, I may rise to Life immortal, thro' Jesus Christ. *At*

*At thy first kneeling down to Morning
Prayer say,*

O Holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity,
Three Persons, and one God, have
Mercy upon me a Miserable Sinner.

Lord I know not what to pray for as I
ought. O let thy holy Spirit help my In-
firmities, and enable me to offer up a spiri-
tual Sacrifice acceptable to Thee by Jesus
Christ.

A Thanksgiving.

O Gracious Lord, whose Mercies endure
for ever, I thy unworthy Servant, who
have so largely tasted of them, desire to ren-
der Thee the Tribute of my humblest Prai-
ses for them. In Thee, O Lord, I live and
move, and have my Being: Thou first ma-
dest me, and then sent thy Sone to save me
from my Sins by his Blood, and bring me to
Glory. Thou hast given me Helps to per-
form my Baptismal Vows, and offered me all
outward and inward Means for my Repen-
tance, and not cut me off in my manifold Sins;
therefore not unto me, but unto thy Name
be the Praise. For these and all other Thy
Spiritual Blessings, my Soul doth magnify the
Lord, and all that is within me, praise his
holy Name. I likewise truly praise thee for
those

those many outward Blessings I enjoy, as well as the Necessaries of this Life : For protecting me and mine from Dangers, and graciously delivering me from such as have befallen me, and for that Mercy of thine whereby thou hast allay'd those troubles, thou didst not wholly remove : For preserving me this Night, and other thy Goodness towards me. Lord, grant that I may render Thee not only the Fruit of my Lips, but the Obedience of my Life, for all thy Blessings and Love, through thy Son Jesus Christ.

A Confession.

O Righteous Lord, who hatest Iniquity, I thy poor sinful Creature cast my self at thy Feet, acknowledging I deserve to be abhorr'd and forsaken by thee, for I have drank Iniquity like Water, gone on in a continued Course of Sin and Rebellion, daily committing those things thou forbidest, and leaving undone those thou commandest. I have despised, O Lord, (with Shame I confess it) all thy Goodness which should lead me to Repentance, and have sinned both in Thought, Word and Deed, so as I expect nothing but Judgment and fiery Indignation for the due Reward of my Sin !

T

But,

But, Lord, there is Mercy with Thee, that thou may'st be feared. O fit me for that Mercy, by giving me a sincere Repentance, and then, according to thy Goodness, let thine Anger and thy Wrath be turded away from me, look upon me in thy Son, my blessed Saviour, and for the Merit of his Sufferings, Pardon all my Sins, and give me Grace to become a *New Creature*, that I may serve Thee faithfully all the rest of my Days, and all I beg for the Sake of Jesus Christ, *Amen.*

An HYMN for the Morning

GOD who once more unseal'd my Eyes,
 Shall have the choicest Sacrifice;
 My highest Thanks I humbly pay,
 For Mercies running Night and Day.

O let thy Pardon, I implore,
 And Grace that I offend no more.
 O let thy Goodness never cease,
 Renew thy Covenant of Peace.

As thou renewest still my Days,
 With new Indearments crown my Ways,
 Father, with me this Day abide,
 Be thou, my Leader and my Guide.

That I may plainly see and know,
 The very Path where I should go;
 And may at Night rejoicing say,

My

My God was kind to me this Day.

*Those Graces that I want supply,
And keep me with a tender Eye;
Let my Corruptions more and more,
Lose of the Ground they had before.*

*By Faith dear Saviour I would live,
And like the fruitful Lilly thrive:
The fruitful Christian honours God,
And shews his Pastures to be good.*

*Give me my Claim to Heaven clear,
Thy constant Grace to persevere;
Whilst here on Earth be thou my Guard,
And at the last my great Reward.*

A Prayer for NIGHT.

At kneeling down say,

O Holy blessed, and glorious Trinity,
Three Persons, but one God, have Mer-
cy upon me a miserable Sinner.

Lord I know not what to Pray for as I
ought. O let thy Spirit help my Infirmities
and enable me to offer up a spiritual Sacrifice
acceptable to Thee by Jesus Christ.

O Most holy Lord God, who art of pu-
rer Eyes than to behold Iniquity, how
shall I, abominable Wretch, dare to appear
before thee, who am nothing but Pollution?

I am

I am defiled in my very Nature, being backward to all Good, and ready to do Evil ; but I have defiled my self much worse by my own cruel Sins, and wicked Customs. I have transgress'd in my Duty to Thee, to my Neighbour, and my self ; and that, both in Thought Word, and Deed, by doing those things which thou hast expressly forbidden, and by neglecting to do those things thou hast commanded me : And this, not only thro' Ignorance and Frailty, but knowingly, and willingly, against the Motions of thy own Spirit, and the Checks of my own Conscience. And to make all these, out of measure, sinful. I have gone on in a daly Course of repeating these Provocations against thee, notwithstanding all thy Calls to, and my Vows of, Amendment ; yea, this very Day I have not ceased to add new Sins to all my former Guilts, (*Here name the Particulars*) And now, O Lord, how shall I open my Mouth, since I have done those things ? I know that the Wages of Sin is Death ; but, O thou that willest not the Death of a Sinner, have Mercy upon me, and accept of that Ransom thy blessed Son hath paid for me, and for his Sake, whom thou hast set forth as a Propitiation, pardon all my Offences, and receive me into thy Favour. And when thou hast thus
spoken

spoken peace to my Soul, Lord, keep me that I turn not any more to Folly, but so establish me with thy Grace, that no Temptation of the Devil, or of my own, may ever draw me to offend Thee, that being made free from Sin, and becoming a Servant of God, I may have my Fruit unto Holiness, and in the End, everlasting Life, thro' Jesus Christ, our Lord.

A Thanksgiving

O Thou Father of Mercies, who art kind even to the Unthankful, I acknowledge thy bountiful Goodness towards me, notwithstanding my daily Provocations against Thee. The many Contempts and Despisings of thy spiritual Favours, have not yet made thee withdraw thy Mercies, but in the Riches of thy Goodness and Longsuffering, thou still continuest to me the Offers of Grace and Life in thy Son. And all my Abuses of thy temporal blessings, thou hast not punished with an utter Deprivation of them. The Sins of this Day thou hast not repayed, as justly thou might'st, by sweeping me away with a swift Destruction, but hast spared and preserved me, according to the Greatness of thy Mercy. (*Here mention the particular Mercies*

cies of that Day) What shall I render unto the Lord for all his Benefits? O Lord, let this Goodness of thine lead me to Repentance, and grant that I may not offer thee Thanks and Praises, but may also order my Conversation aright, that so I may see the Salvation of God, thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.

An HYMN for the Evening,

O Lord, behold a wretched One,
That flings himself before thy Throne,
By Practice sinful and by Birth,
Lord viler, viler than the Earth.

O let thy Christ my Jesus be,
To save from Sin and Misery;
My Soul beneath thy Feet I lay,
Entreating Pardon for this Day.

God made this World, and brought me in,
And I brought mine a World of Sin;
Behold those Sins not as a Spy,
To mark, or as a Judge to try.

But as Physician to the Poor,
Who brings a Balsam to the Sore;
Absolve, renew me with thy Grace,
Fit me for Death, which comes apace,
Encircle me within thine Arm,
My Body to defend from Harm;

Preserve

Preserve
Both
Keep
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*Preserve my wandering Soul from Sin,,
Both going out, and coming in.*

*Keep far from me a careless Heart,
From which my Saviour would depart;
O bless and prosper all my Ways,
That they may Issue in thy Praise.*

A Prayer before receiving the Sacrament.

O Most merciful God, who hast, in thy great Goodness, prepared this spiritual Feast for sick and famish'd Souls, make my Desires and Gaspsings after it, answerable to my Need of it. I have (with the Prodigal) wasted that Portion of Grace thou bestowedst upon me, and therefore do want a Supply out of this Treasury , But, O Lord, how shall such a Wretch as I dare to approach thy holy Table? I am a Dog, how shall I presume to take the Childrens Bread? Or, how shall this Food of Angels be given to one that hath chosen to Feed upon Husks with Swine? O Lord my horrible Guiltiness makes me tremble to come, and yet makes me not dare to keep away ; or where, O Lord, shall my polluted Soul be washed, if not in this Fountain which thou hast opened, for Sin, and for uncleanness. It is, O Lord, the Blood of the New Testament, grant me to receive it, that
it

it may be to me for Remission of Sins; be merciful to my Unrighteousness, and remember my Sins and iniquities no more; and inspire this earthly Mind with a holy Zeal, that I may with spiritual Affections approach thy holy Feast, and not eat and drink my own Condemnation. *Amen.*

THE INVITATION.

THAT dismal Night when our dear Lord
Into the Garden did retreat,
To vent his Grief in Groans and Cries,
In Tears, and in a Bloody Sweat.

That ne'er to be forgotten Night,
When our Redeemer was betray'd;
Before his Sufferings he took Bread,
Gave thanks to God, brake it, and said.

Take, eat, this is my Body broke,
For you upon the cursed Tree:
Perform this Ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't, remember me.

He took the Cup too, crown'd with Wine,
Bless'd it, and to's Disciples said,
'Tis the New Testament in my Blood,
For you, and many others shed.

All you, my Friends, must Drink of this,
Your Sins Remission here you see,
Perform this Ord'nance as I do,

And

And when you do't remember me.

*Yea, Lord, we will remember Thee,
And thy Love, more than fragrant Wine ;
How can we e'er thy Cross forget,
Which made Thee ours, and made us thine ?*

*Our Right, Hand first shall lose its Art,
Our Tongues forget to speak, or move,
E'er we'll prove thoughtless of thy Wounds,
Those everlasting marks of Love.*

*We'll thus commemorate thy Death,
Till thou appearest on Earth again :
And, Lord, do thou remember us,
Make haste to take thy Pow'r and Reign.*

*Meditations before the receiving the blessed
Sacrament.*

C Onsider with your self, some time before
you intend to communicate, and call to
your Soul then, and bid it awaken in itself the
liveliest Thoughts of thy Saviour. and the de-
voutest Affections to him Call to it to put it-
self in Tune, to string (as I may so speak)
the Instruments of Joy and Praise ; and stir
up all the Graces of the Holy Spirit, that so
you may go with a deep Humility, a godly
Sorrow, a perfect Hatred of all thy Sins, a
strong Resolution against them. Ask your
U Soul,

Soul, What dost thou think of it? What dost thou love? What dost thou long for? With what Intentions art thou going to the Lord's Table? Is Sin already bleeding to Death in thee? And hadst thou rather die, than offend thy Saviour that died for thee; Art thou going to hang all remaining Affections to them upon his Cross; that these might be crucified, and never taken down, till by a continued Meditation on it, they are quite dead? Then make a new Resignation of thy self to thy Saviour, and desire to be made one spirit with him, never any more to depart from him. Then think how our Saviour will declare and set forth his Love to thee; and give you Assurances, that his Mercy enduret for ever; and that thou art a welcome Guest, fit to receive the Benefits of his precious Blood.

Ejaculations to be used at the Lord's Supper.

LORD, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my Roof,
I have sinned what shall I do unto thee,
O thou Preserver of Men.

(Here recollect some of thy greatest Sins.)

But with thee Lord there is Mercy, and
with him there is plenteous Redemption.

O Lamb

O Lamb of God, which takest away the Sins of the World, have Mercy upon me.

Thou hast said, he that eateth my Flesh, and drinketh my Blood, hath eternal Life. Behold the Servant of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy Word.

[*At the receiving of the Bread.*]

By thy crucified Body, deliver me from this Body of Death.

[*At the receiving of the Cup.*]

O let this Blood of thine, purge my Conscience from dead Works, to serve the living God.

Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean, O touch me and say, I will, be thou clean.

[*After receiving*]

What shall I render unto the Lord for all the Benefits he hath done unto me.

I will take the Cup of Salvation, and call upon the Name of the Lord.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Glory, and Blessing.

Therefore Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Power, be to him that sitteth upon the Throne,

Throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.
Amen.

A thanksgiving after receiving the Sacrament.

O Thou Fountain of all Goodness, from whom every good and perfect Gift cometh, and to whom all Honour and Glory should be returned, I desire with all the most fervent and inflamed Affections of a grateful Heart, to bless and praise thee, for those inestimable Mercies thou hast vouchsafed me. Lord, what is Man, that thou should'st so regard him, as to send thy beloved Son to suffer such bitter Things for him? But, Lord, what am I, the worst of Men, that I should have Part in this Attonement, who have so often Despised him and his sufferings? O my God, suffer me nomore to turn thy Grace into Wantonness, but be graciously pleased to watch over me, and deliver me from the Treachery of my own Heart; that I may never make Truce with those Lusts which have wounded the Lord of Life, and made his Soul heavy, even to Death. Accept my weak Returns of Praise for the inestimable Blessing I have receiv'd; and grant all my humble Requests, O merciful Father, through the Merits

Merits and Mediation of my crucified Saviour.
Amen.

The Love of a dying Saviour.

OUR Spirits join to adore the Lamb,
O that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love.
Was ever equal Pity found?

The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath,
And pours his Life out on the Ground,
To ransom guilty Worms from Death.
Rebels, we broke our Maker's Laws,
He from the Threatning set us free;
Bore the full Vengeance on the Cross,
And nail'd the Curses on the Tree.
The Law proclaims no Terrors now,
And Sinai's Thunder roars no more;
From all his Wounds new Blessings flow,
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.
Here we have wash'd our deepest Stains,
And heal'd our Wounds with Heavenly-Blood
Blest Fountain, springing from the Veins;
Of Jesus our incarnate G O D.
In vain our mortal Voices strive,
To speak Compassion so divine:
Had we a Thousand Lives to give,

A Thousand Lives should all be thine.

ALL for CHRIST'S CROSS.

WHEN I behold that wondrous Cross,
 Where the great Prince of Glory dy'd
 My richest Gain I count but Loss,
 And pour contempt on all my Pride.
 Forbid it Lord that I should boast,
 Save in the Death of Christ my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his Blood.
 See from his Head, his Hands and Feet,
 Sorrow and Love flows mingled down;
 Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
 Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown.
 His dying Crimson like a Robe,
 Spreading o'er his Body on the Tree;
 Then am I dead to all the Globe,
 And all the Globe is dead to me.
 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
 That were a Present far too small;
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my Soul, my Life, my ALL.

DIRECTIONS to Live Well,

After Receiving the Holy Sacrament.

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THAT there ought to be a special Care and Watchfullness over our Hearts and Lives, as well after our Receiving the Holy Sacrament, as before, there is no sincere Christian but will readily grant: For if we make Vows of better Obedience when we approach the Holy Table, unless we take Care to perform 'm afterwards, we do but publish to the World, that our Faith, as well as our Vows, are vain: But if we do believe that there is a Judgment to come, wherein we shall receive according to our Works, whether they be good, or whether they be evil, it will certainly have that influence upon us; as to cause us to be careful to maintain good Works. But if our Faith gives way to Unbelief, no wonder our Lives are licentious and dissolute, in proportion thereunto: And if we live unholy Lives, it shews that our Profession is vain; nay that our Faith is vain also. This made the Prophet *Isaiab* say, *Isai. v. 13.*

Therefore were my People carried away into Captivity, because they had no Knowledge of God: This made their Nobles perish for Hunger, and the generality of 'm die for Thirst. To cure this Evil, the great Physician of Souls, the ever-blessed Jesus (who is well acquainted with our Weakness) hath instituted this blessed

fed Sacrament, and for this very purpose hath ordain'd it in Form of Meat, that the very Form wherein he instituted it might shew us what Effects it works, and also puts us in mind of the great Need our Souls stand in of it: And O that Mens Eyes were open, that they might at once see their own Wants, and the rich Supplies that our Lord has provided for 'm in his holy Sacrament. It is by means of this Divine and Heavenly Food. that its Soul comes to be united to its Spouse; by this the Understanding comes to be illuminated, the Memory refresh'd and quicken'd, and the Will brought into a Conformity to the Divine Pleasure, the inward Spiritual Taste is delighted, Devotion increased, and the whole Soul so strengthen'd, that it is enabled to ascend up unto God. But all these blessed Effects cannot be looked for where the Soul is not upon its Watch, after, as well as before the Receiving this holy Sacrament. That Fault that is amongst many cannot therefore be too much blam'd notwithstanding the frequency of it, which is, that as soon as the publick administration of the Sacrament is over, they think they have done enough and never call themselves to an account after it, nor examin what Benefits they have receiv'd by it, and by that

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means lose all the Benefits they might otherwise have receiv'd. O that all such would therefore be exhorted to make up that by their after diligence, in which they were wanting before ; and also be very sedulous and careful to maintain and keep that gracious and spiritual frame of Heart which they had acquir'd at, and brought from the Sacrament. For when we find our Souls enlarg'd, and our Spirits rais'd into a gracious disposition in that holy Ordinance, methinks we should be of the Mind of *St. Peter*, when he was with our Saviour at his Transfiguration in the holy Mount, and say with him, *Master, it is good to be here* : It is good being at the Table of the Lord, where we are feasted with such royal Dainties, and fed with that Bread that nourishes our Souls unto eternal Life.

Let it therefore be our Care to go unto this holy Sacrament as often as we can and there get our Affections rais'd to the highest pitch of Zeal for God, and our Hearts inflam'd with a most earnest love and endeared affection to him; And when we have gotten our Souls into such a Frame, let it be then our Care to keep and maintain what we have so gotten, and to keep in our Hearts the relish of that spiritual Food we have been made Partakers of, at that Heavenly Banquet.

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And to this End let us presently set about those good Works, and the performing those Vows which we made while our Hearts were warm'd with these flames of Divine Love, for if we delay, we shall not only be unable, but perhaps less willing: There's no standing still in Christianity; and if we go not forward, we shall assuredly go backward. Let us therefore reflect with Sorrow upon our former Backslidings, and then consider that we have still the same frail Natures, and that we are incident to the same Temptations, and have the same Enemies to grapple with, whose Power, Policy and Malice is still as great as ever; and then sure we can't but think it reasonable to be as diligent and watchful as ever to withstand 'm. To which end let us pray Heartily for Grace to be Good, and it will be an argument to us, that we desire to be so. Yea, sincerely to desire Grace, is Grace itself; and if we do what we can, nomore will be desir'd, for we serve not a hard Master. The Acts of Religion being practis'd by us, will make Religion easie and pleasant to us, though we have before thought it difficult; for the real difficulty arises from our want of trying it. The Practice of Religion will be pleasant to those that

that habituate themselves to it, for it is easier to deny a Lust, than satisfy it.

Let us therefore, when we find our Zeal cools, and our Devotion decays, be more vigilant in renewing our Addresses to those Mysteries; for our being often at the Table of the Lord, is one great means of maintaining our Zeal for Religion, and making us persevere in the Practice thereof. And who is sufficient to set forth the Excellency of this blessed Sacrament, and not be dissolv'd into Tears, when he sees his blessed Redeemer so closely united to him! O what Pleasure, Sweetness and Delight does a sincere Christian feel, when he partakes of this holy Sacrament! No other sounds are heard at that time; but only the sweet Songs of Praise and Thanksgiving, and the breaking out of holy Desires and Heavenly Raptures, blessing his Name who has redeemed us from our Sins by his own Blood.

It is at this holy Sacrament that the Soul is fill'd with Devotion, fed with Peace, ravish'd with Love, confirm'd in it's Faith, and rejoicing in that Hope will not make her ashamed. 'Tis here the Soul finds itself stronger in resisting Temptations, and more diligent and careful in performing good Works; and
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the oftner we receive this holy Myſtery, the more deſirous we are to be found in it. This is only thy Love-Tokens, O deareſt Lord, in which thou haſt promis'd to give me thy Love. This is that Heavenly Banquet, to which thou only inviteſt thy Friends, whom thou feedeſt with the Fatneſs of thy Houſe, and makeſt to drink of the Rivers of thy Pleaſure,

Let us therefore, by after-Endeavours in Prayer and Humiliation, labour to feel the Energy of this Sacrament; for this is neceſſary to be known for the comfort of thoſe that have not met with any raviſhing Joys while they have been at this holy Sacrament; that the Comforts thereof do not always ſhew forth themſelves while they are partaking thereof, but it breaks in upon the Soul afterwards. if they are careful to mind the State of their Souls. Thus *Saul* was anointed by *Samuel*, and felt no viſible Alteration at that time, but when he was gone from *Samuel*, the Lord gave him another Spirit.

So, though the Sacrament works not during its Adminiſtration, yet if afterwards we are touch'd with a ſenſe of our own Unworthineſs, and thereupon awaken and ſtir up our ſelves, the Sacrament will fill our Souls with its Bleſſings, and prove Effectual and Comfortable to us. But

But how hardly, O Lord, can we be persuaded to forsake the Vain and Empty Pleasures of this Life, for the solid and substantial Glories of the next? How then shall we lay down our Lives for thee, if we cannot part with one beloved, in order to come to thy holy Table? Thy *Yoke is Easy, and thy Burden is light*, and yet how loth are we to put on the one, or to bear the other.

Pardon, O Lord, and pity this Corruption of our Natures, and cause us to delight in coming to thy holy Sacrament; that whensoever we lay down our Bodies in the Dust, our Souls may ascend unto thee, and enjoy thee for ever.

In the Morning be sure to fix your Resolutions, and at Night examine whether thou hast acted accordingly; for God rewards every Minute spent in his Service, with Ages of Eternal Happiness. And therefore the greatest Portion of our Time we give to God, the more we lay up Treasures for ourselves; and no Man or Woman can lay out their Time or their Money more profitably, than to lay out the first upon God, and the second upon the Poor.

Then let us forsake the Foolish, and live, and walk in the Way of Understanding; and now, since we have fed and feasted at the Table

ble of the Lord, let us live nomore as we have been wont to do, but as we are by Grace made new Creatures, let us Chuse new Company, and take new Courfes, and become new Men, and walk in new Ways. This is what God looks for at our Hands, when we have been remembering his Death at the holy Sacrament, and if afterward Satan, or any of his Instruments, set on thee, in tempting thee to Evil, say to the Tempter, Satan, I have been lately at the Sacrament, and there I have Vow'd to fear God and to eschew Evil, how then shall I listen to thy Temptations? Satan, avoid, I can in no wise harken to thee.

When we come from the Lord's Table, and are regardless of what we have promised there, our Unfaithfulness is attended with these two Evils: First, God esteems such Receiving no Service done to him, for indeed it is rather a Mocking of him. Secondly, if we walk not up to our Vows made at the Lord's Table, we take the Name of God in vain, and become guilty of spiritual Purgery. And woe to that Man who breaks Covenant with the great God of Heaven and Earth, who will neither be mocked nor baffled, but will be a swift Witness and severe Judge against all such as thus grossly take his glorious Name in vain.

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God, who is only wise, has so order'd matters in the World, that there is no room for Idleness. but time to spend his Devotion, and therefore, he that has the greatest Worldly Affairs Lying upon his Hands, ought to examine his Soul, and search into his own State, before he come to this holy Sacrament, and afterwards reflect upon that Benefit he has receiv'd by being there; and if he does thus, he will soon make appear his proffiting unto all: For the way of the Lord is Strength to the Upright: And he that walks after this Rule, Peace shall be upon him, and on *all the Israel of God.*

O how great is thy Love, O Lord, in this sacred Institution: This sets forth thee, O blessed Jesus, as crucified, before the Eyes of our Minds, who art the Life of our Souls and the only Medicine which can cure the Wounds that Sin has made, and comforts us in all our Troubles.

What Gift can be more precious, what Benefit of greater Value? And what Instance of a more exalted Love? Let all the stupendious Works of Nature, be for ever silent; for this expresses the Riches of Omnipotent Grace. Let us therefore serve God, in coming

ing to this blessed Memorial of his Death
all the Days of our Life.

Now therefore, O thou divinest object of
our Faith and Love, grant that we being
Illuminated by thee, may repose our Trust
in thee, and be united to thee, as Members
to our Head, and Branches to their Vine,
and enjoy the Assurance of thy Grace for
ever and ever, World without end. *Amen.*

F I N I S.



